# The Treasure Box

Marilyn Mae Davis

30

*STORY AND STUDY READERS*

# THE TREASURE BOX

## A THIRD READER

BY

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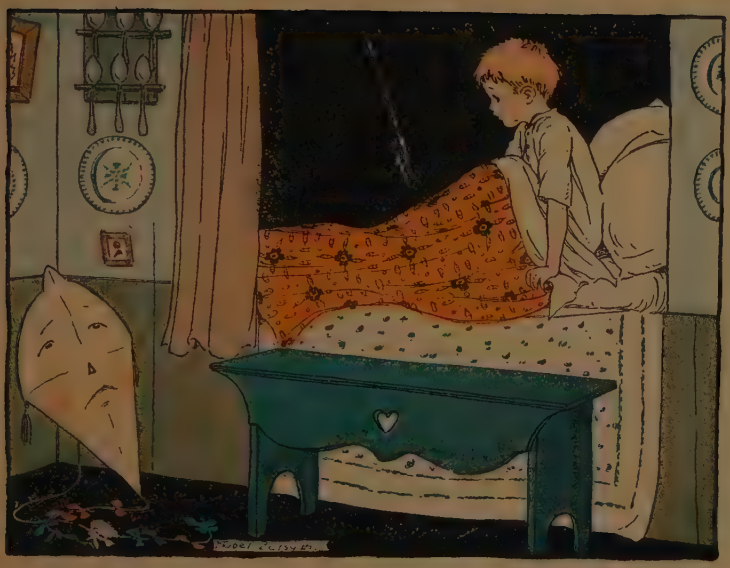
# THE TREASURE BOX

Mabel Betsy Hill



# THE WIND'S WORK

## I

## Three Wishes

One morning Jan waked up early. The first thing he saw was his great kite in the corner. His big brother had made it.

The kite had a smiling face and a long tail that reached from the bed to the fireplace. It did not smile at Jan that morning though. It looked very sad and

seemed to say, "Why was I made? Not to stand in a corner, I hope!"

It had been finished for two whole days, but there had not been a breeze to carry the kite up like a bird in the air.

Jan jumped out of bed and dressed himself. Then he ran to the door to see if the windmill was at work. He hoped that the wind had come in the night. But the mill was silent, and its arms stood still. Not even a leaf turned over in the yard.

The windmill stood on a high hill where all the people could see it. When its long arms went whirling around, everyone knew that there was no danger of being hungry. The miller would be busy from morning until night, grinding the grain that the farmers brought him.

When Jan looked out, the miller had nothing to do. He was standing in his doorway, watching the clouds, and saying something, but Jan could not hear him.

This is what the miller was saying:

"Oh! how I wish the wind would blow,
So that my windmill's sails might go,
To turn my heavy millstones round!
For corn and wheat must both be ground,
And how to grind I do not know
Unless the merry wind will blow."

He looked down at the village and sighed, for there he saw the baker in neat cap and apron, standing idle, too.

The baker's ovens were cold, and his trays were empty. He, too, was watching the sky, and he was saying:

"Oh! how I wish the wind would blow,
So that the miller's mill might go,
And grind me flour so fine, to make
My good light bread and good sweet cake!
But how to bake I do not know
Without the flour as white as snow."

Jan heard every word that the baker said, for he lived next door to him. He felt sorry for his good neighbor and wanted to tell him so.

But before he had time to speak, somebody else called out from across the street. She was singing :

"Well, I'm sure I wish the wind would blow,
For this is washing day, you know.
I've scrubbed and rubbed with all my might,
In tubs of foam from morning light,
And now I want the wind to blow
To dry my clothes as white as snow."

This was the washerwoman who was hanging out her clothes. Jan could see his own Sunday shirt hanging on her line, white as a snowflake, sure enough!

"Come over, little neighbor," cried the washerwoman, when she saw Jan. "Come

over, little neighbor, and help me work this morning."

## II

## The Wishes Come True

As soon as Jan had eaten his breakfast, he ran over to carry the washerwoman's basket for her. The basket was heavy, but he did not care.

As he worked, he heard someone singing a song, with a voice almost as loud and as strong as the wind:

"Oh, if the merry wind would blow,
Yeo ho! lads, ho! yeo ho! yeo ho!
My gallant ship would gayly go,
Yeo ho! lads, ho! yeo ho!
In fresh'ning gales we'd loose our sails,
And o'er the sea,
Where blue waves dance, and sunbeams glance,
We'd sail in glee,
But winds must blow, before we go,

Across the sea,
Yeo ho! my lads, yeo ho!"

Jan and the washerwoman and all the neighbors looked out to see who was singing so cheerily. It was the sea captain whose white ship Jan had watched in the harbor.

The ship was filled with linen and laces for fine ladies, but it could not go until

the wind blew. The captain was impatient to be off, and so he walked about town, singing his jolly song to keep himself happy.

Jan thought it was a beautiful song and, when he went home, he tried to sing it himself. He did not know all the words, but he put his hands in his pockets and sang in as big a voice as he could, "Yeo ho! my lads, yeo ho!"

While he sang, something kissed him on the cheek. When he turned to see what it was, his hat spun off into the yard. And when he ran to pick his hat up, he heard a whispering through the town.

He looked up, and he looked down, and on every side, but he saw nobody! At last the golden weather vane on the church tower called, "Foolish child, it is the wind from out of the east."

The trees had been the first to know of

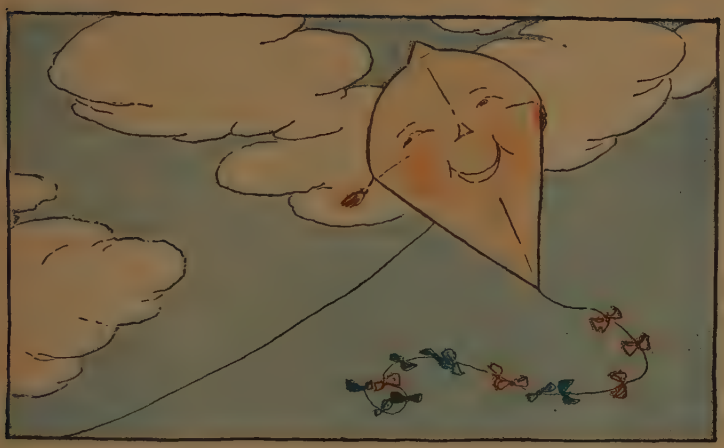
its coming, and they were bowing and bending to welcome it. The leaves danced off the branches and down the hill because they were happy.

The windmill's arms whirled around, oh! so fast, and the wheat was ground into white flour for the baker. The baker built his fires and beat his eggs in the twinkling of an eye.

But he was not quicker than the sea captain. He loosed his sails "in the fresh'ning gales," just as he said he would. And away he sailed to foreign lands.

Jan watched him go, and then ran in great haste to get his kite. The clothes on the washerwoman's clothesline were puffed up like balloons, and all the world was busy.

"Now I am in my right place," said the kite. And it sailed over the roofs of the houses, over the tree tops, over the golden weather vane, and even over the windmill.



Higher, higher, higher it flew, as if it had wings. Then it slipped away from the string, and Jan never saw it again. Only the wind knew where it landed at last.

— Maud Lindsay

1. How many people in this story made wishes? Who were they?
2. What was the wish of each? How did the wind help each of them?
3. In what other ways does the wind help people?

Draw a picture that shows one way the wind helps people.

## A VISIT TO HOLLAND

### I

### Dutch Children

My father is the captain of a ship and goes on long voyages.

One day he said to my mother, "I am going to Holland. I know John would like to see the Dutch children, and I think you would like the voyage. Can you and John come with me?"

I was very much afraid Mother might say we could not go. But she said we would get ready at once. How happy I was!

When we landed in Holland, a number of Dutch children were at the wharf. They had blue eyes and light hair. I liked to look at them because their clothes were so different from ours.

The little girls wore long wide skirts with

short, tight waists. They had on white caps, but sometimes I could see curls coming from under the caps.

The girls had on wooden shoes. The shoes go clatter, clatter, clatter ; clop, clop, clop. The children call the shoes kloompers. Don't you think this is a good name for these clattering shoes?

The boys wore wide, baggy trousers, and they had on hats with high crowns. They had on kloompers, too.

One little boy had his hands in the pockets of his baggy trousers, and his

hat on the back of his head. I think he was proud of the big buttons on his suit, and of the leather belt he wore.

## II

## The Dikes

The next day Father took me up on a high bank of earth. Water ran along one side of it. He told me that this high bank was a dike. We could see many dikes all around us.

These dikes are of great help to the Dutch people. The large dikes keep back the sea. The smaller dikes keep the water in rivers and canals.

Some men do nothing but watch the dikes. These men must see that the dikes are kept strong. A leak in one may ruin a whole village.

The tops of the dikes are so broad that people can drive on them and trains can run on them. Some of the dikes have

long rows of poplar trees growing on them.

As Father and I stood on the dike, we looked over the country. The low, flat land was covered with a carpet of green. There were spots of red and yellow and purple. These were fields of tulips and hyacinths.

## III

## In the Country

One day Mother took me to the country. I want to tell you about a surprise I had.

I thought I saw a boat sailing on land. When I got close, I saw that it was on a canal. The canal ran through the land. In Holland there are no fences between the fields. There are little canals between them.

I watched a man working in a tulip field. Guess what he did when he wanted to go to another field. He got into a boat, took up a pole, and pushed himself across the canal.

There are many of these canals in Holland. They help to drain the land. They are also used as roads.

Mother liked the tulip fields best of all, but I liked the windmills.

A windmill has four long arms, or sails, made of wood. These sails are fastened high on a tower, and the wind turns them around and around. A sail would point to the sky, and then it would come lower and lower until it nearly swept the ground.

The windmills pump water and grind the grain. They saw wood and drain the land. They are of great help to the people of Holland.

I wish you could see how gay the Dutch houses look. They are painted all kinds of bright colors. They look very pretty with their red roofs and with the windows full of tulips.

The houses are as clean as can be. The Dutch women scrub them inside and out-

side. Once we saw a maid turn a hose on a house and wash it in this way.

Some day I want to go back to Holland in the winter. The canals are often frozen over. Then the girls and boys skate on them every day. They play tag and other games and have a merry time.

Write on a sheet of paper the numbers 1 to 12, as they are written on the next page. Answer each question with *Yes* or *No*. Write the answer after each number.

1. Do Dutch children have brown eyes?
2. Do the little girls wear long dresses?
3. Do children in Holland wear wooden shoes?
4. Do Dutch boys wear baggy trousers?
5. Do the boys wear hats with low crowns?
6. Are the dikes made to keep the people at home?
7. Can the people drive on the tops of the dikes?
8. Did John see a boat sailing on land?
9. Did Mother like the windmills best?
10. Do the windmills drain the land?
11. Are all the houses painted white?
12. Are the Dutch people very neat?

# YVONNE AND NANNETTE

## I

## The Little Milkmaid

Yvonne was a little French girl. She lived in far-away France. One morning she heard her mother call, "Wake up, Yvonne; you will be late with the milk. The sun is already up."

Yvonne jumped out of bed. "Oh, I must not be late. If I am, people may not take the milk," she said as she quickly dressed.

She put on pretty bright stockings and her wooden shoes. Then she put on a gay little skirt and a white blouse and a pretty white apron. Last of all she put on a black velvet bodice which was laced up in front.

She ate her porridge quickly and ran out to the back yard where a little goat was

grazing. "Come, my Nannette," she cried. "Let us hurry! Our customers will be cross if we are late."

She tied a rope around the little animal's neck and led her down the narrow village street. The street was paved with cobblestones, and Yvonne's wooden shoes and Nannette's little hoofs made a pleasant clatter in the early morning stillness.

They came at last to a quaint house that sat right on the street, without a porch

or yard. Yvonne pulled a cord, and a cheery-looking little old woman came to the door.

"Good morning, Mrs. Peters," cried Yvonne.

"Good morning, my little milkmaid," said the old lady. "I have some visitors now, and I shall need more milk this morning."

"That is fine," said Yvonne. "You may have all Nannette will give."

"One of my visitors is a little girl, and I think she would like to meet you and Nannette," said Mrs. Peters. Then she called, "Margaret, come here."

A little girl came running to the door. She was rosy and fair and had yellow curls. She wore a pretty linen dress and little socks and black slippers. In fact, she looked very much as you do, for she was a little American girl.

Mrs. Peters said, "Margaret, this is

Yvonne, and she and Nannette have come to bring fresh milk for your breakfast."

The children smiled shyly at each other. Then Margaret said, "Where is the milk? I don't see any."

Yvonne and the old lady smiled at each other. "Show her where the milk is, Yvonne," said Mrs. Peters as she handed the little milkmaid a shining tin pail.

Yvonne squatted down and began milking Nannette as fast as she could. The milk made a pleasant sound falling into the little bucket, and soon the pail was brimming full.

## II

## Margaret Learns How to Milk

Margaret was so excited she could not stand still! She cried, "Oh, I never saw such a thing. We get our milk in bottles, and the man comes and leaves it before we get up. It is just cow's milk, too. I

wish we had a goat. I wish I could milk Nannette."

Mrs. Peters said, " You will be here all summer, and maybe Yvonne will teach you."

" Yes, I will," said Yvonne. " But you will see that it is not much of a game."

Margaret was waiting on the front steps that afternoon. When she saw Yvonne and

Nannette coming, she ran to meet them.

"May I milk her tonight?" she asked.

"You may try," said Yvonne.

"I know I can do it," said Margaret. "Why, I am as large as you are!"

When they got to Mrs. Peters' door, Margaret squatted down to milk. She squeezed very hard, but only a drop or two of milk came. But she would not let Yvonne help. She kept on trying until Nannette got out of patience and kicked the bucket over.

"For shame, Nannette!" cried Yvonne. "You see, she is not used to you, Margaret."

But every time Yvonne came she let Margaret try. Before the summer was gone, the little girl could milk very well.

Margaret was sorry when it was time to go home in the fall. But her mother promised that they should come back next summer. This made Margaret happy again.

" But I shall miss Yvonne and Nannette very much," she said.

— Frances F. Wright

Choose the endings that tell about each person.

Yvonne wore

| | |
|---|---|
| a long skirt | a pretty apron |
| a blue skirt | a black apron |
| a white blouse | a blue bodice |

a velvet bodice
red stockings
wooden shoes

Mrs. Peters was

| | |
|---|---|
| big | young |
| old | cross |
| little | polite |

cheery-looking

Margaret was

| | |
|---|---|
| a milkmaid | rosy and fair |
| a young woman | a French girl |
| a little girl | an American girl |

## BOBADIL, LAST OF THE GIANTS

### I

### The Wicked Giant

Once upon a time, there was a wonderful country. There the sun always shone, the birds always sang, the flowers always blossomed, and the sky was always blue.

It was a beautiful country in which to live, and the king was wise and kind and merry. The people would have been happy if it had not been for the giant Bobadil, the last of all the giants.

He was as tall as the tallest steeple, and he was very fierce. People said he could stare at the sun until it would hide behind the clouds in fear.

And he was strong — so strong that he could blow the moon to the other side of the world. When he laughed, he shook the trees so hard that the birds tumbled from their nests.

Now Bobadil had built a great stone castle upon the edge of a tall cliff. It was so high that clouds rested upon its towers and little stars tumbled down its chimneys. The walls of the castle were so thick that all the guns of the world could not have knocked them down.

There, in his great castle, Bobadil would sit on winter nights. While the sea below beat against the cliff, Bobadil would shout

and sing. And he would bang upon the table with his great fists. He would bang so hard that the noise woke every sleeper in the kingdom.

But there was something worse than this. Every now and then Bobadil would leave his castle and march through the country. He would steal the sheep and cows, and trample down the crops and the fruit trees. With his great club he would smash the houses.

The people of the land grew very miserable because of Bobadil. At last they all went to the king to beg for help.

## II

## The King, the Elephant, and the Tiger

The king bravely went to Bobadil's castle. But when Bobadil saw him coming, he laughed and shouted, "Go away, little tadpole, or I will throw you up to the moon."

Very sadly the king walked away and, going into a forest close by, he sat down under a tree. Because of his sorrow he buried his face in his hands.

An elephant came crashing through the trees and saw the unhappy king sitting there. He stopped and asked him why he was so sad.

When the king told him of his trouble, the elephant said, "I will settle the giant Bobadil." And off he rushed to the giant's castle.

But, when he got there, Bobadil put out a great hand and seized the elephant by

the trunk. Then he threw him fifteen miles out to sea, so that he never came back.

And the king sat in the forest, waiting for the good news that did not come.

A tiger bounded through the bushes and said to the king, "Cheer up, good king. I will go and eat the giant."

Away went the brave tiger, but Bobadil took him by the tail and threw him high into the air. He threw the tiger so high that it was a week before he came down again.

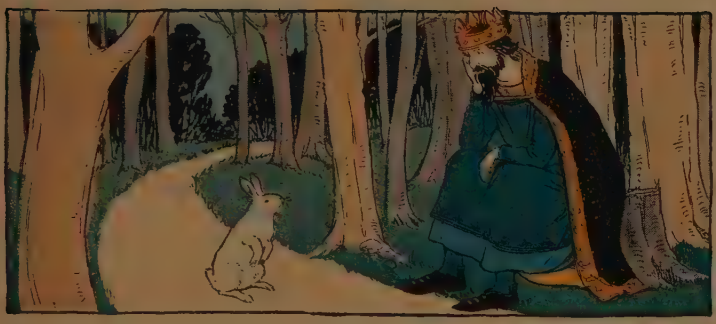
## III

## The Rabbit's Plan

Then a rabbit came hopping up to the king and said, "Have courage, good king. I will help you."

The king smiled at this and said, "My poor little one, you can do nothing."

But the rabbit winked his eye and re-



plied, "Go back to your palace and wait. I promise you that the wicked Bobadil will be gone in a week's time."

Back to his palace went the king, and off hopped the rabbit, full of a wonderful plan.

He called all the rabbits of the kingdom together, all the moles, and all the earthworms. For three long hours they talked and whispered together.

That night, when all was dark and still, three great armies of them — rabbits and moles and earthworms — started off. They hopped and ran and wriggled to the castle of Bobadil.

And then they set to work. They burrowed and burrowed and burrowed beneath the great castle. All night they worked, and all the next day — being by then well hidden — and on into the next night. When the cliff beneath the castle was hollowed out, they slipped away and went to their homes.

That night Bobadil, who was feeling merry, began to dance in his bedroom. It was a short dance. Suddenly the cliff gave way, and the great castle crashed about the giant's head. Down into the sea went cliff, and castle, and Bobadil.

And when the sun rose next morning, all that could be seen of Bobadil was his big heel rising up out of the sea like a great pink rock.

— Stephen Southwold

Choose the right ending for each beginning.

*Beginnings*

The giant
Bobadil built
The clouds
The little stars
When the giant went out
He called the king
He threw the elephant
He threw the tiger
The rabbits
The castle

*Endings*

a great castle
a little tadpole
fifteen miles out to sea
burrowed under the castle
could blow the moon away
rested upon its towers
he would smash the houses
fell into the sea
tumbled down its chimneys
high into the air

# AS PRETTY AS A PICTURE

## I

## Proud Freddie Frog

There was something about Freddie Frog that made everybody smile. It may have been his wide mouth and his queer, bulging eyes. No one could tell what it was, but all agreed that Freddie was a pleasant person to have around.

Aunt Polly Woodchuck said one day that Freddie was as pretty as a picture.

When Freddie Frog heard this, he was so delighted that he hurried straight home and put on his best suit. Then he spent most of a whole afternoon looking at himself in the pond.

So it is easy to see that Freddie Frog was a vain and silly fellow. He was even foolish enough to repeat Aunt Polly's remark to everybody he met.

Everyone laughed at Freddie Frog's news

because he looked so funny. And old Mr. Crow, who was not very polite, even burst out with a hoarse "Haw-haw!"

"You are as pretty as a picture, eh?" he laughed. "I know what Aunt Polly means. She means you are as pretty as one of the pictures the circus men have pasted on Farmer Green's barn."

He looked at Freddie Frog very hard. Then he said, "I believe I know which picture Aunt Polly means."

"Is that so?" cried Freddie Frog, swelling up until it seemed that he must burst. "Which picture is it?"

"It is the one in the upper left-hand

corner," old Mr. Crow said. "If you have not seen it, you should take a good look at it soon."

"I will!" Freddie Frog cried. "I will visit Farmer Green's place this very night!"

## II

## The Joke

It was a long distance to Farmer Green's home, but Freddie wanted to see the picture which looked just like him. So off he went. When he reached the farm, Mr. Crow was there too. He had come to see the fun.

"You are still smiling, I see," the old gentleman said. "Maybe you will smile still more when you have seen the pretty picture you look like."

"I hope so! Where is the picture?" Freddie Frog asked eagerly. "Show me the pretty one!"

"Come with me!" said old Mr. Crow. And he led the way around the barn.

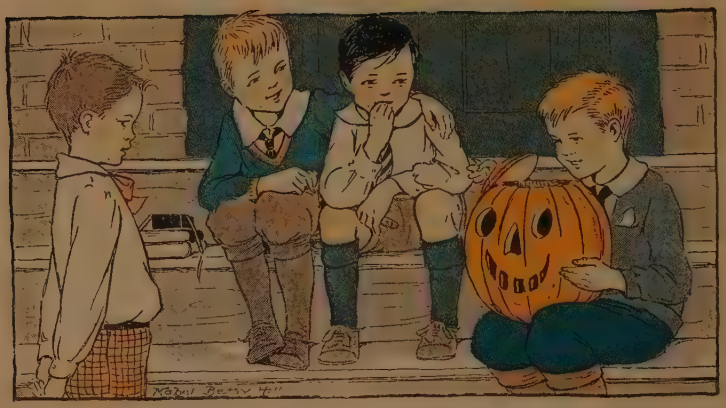
"There!" he cried. "It is in the upper left-hand corner, just as I told you."

Freddie Frog gazed upward. And what do you think he saw? The picture of a hippopotamus!

And to this day anyone can make Freddie Frog angry by saying he is as pretty as a picture.

— Arthur Scott Bailey

Read the part which you think is the funniest.



## THE JOLLY JACK-O'-LANTERN

### I

### A Proud Boy

Yes, it was a fine jack-o'-lantern. Grandmother had sent the pumpkin from the farm, and Mother had helped Walter cut the face.

And such a winking, jolly face it was. Its lifted eyebrows and its snaggled-tooth grin made it look wise. Walter almost felt that it must have sense inside its empty head.

When Walter took it to school, the

other boys thought it was a fine jack-o'-lantern. They wanted to trade things for it. Ed offered him his pocketknife, and Bill his new yellow top. Sam said he would give him his dollar watch. It would not run, but it looked all right.

But Walter would not trade. He said he would rather keep Jack for the parade that night.

On his way home Walter passed by the house in which Billy Baxter lived. It was not the kind of house anyone would want to live in. It was ugly, and it had a small, broken-down porch.

The only cheerful thing about the house was Billy. He was sitting on the front porch as Walter passed. He whistled his blackbird whistle and waved one of his crutches gayly.

"Hello!" called Walter, holding up his jack-o'-lantern. "Let me introduce Jack."

"It is the best jack-o'-lantern I ever saw!" Billy said.

Walter came close and let Billy hold Jack in his hands. Such thin, eager hands they were!

"Isn't he the friendliest jack-o'-lantern you ever saw?" Billy asked. "A boy would not be lonesome with him around, would he?"

"I guess not," said Walter laughing.

He did not know much about being lonesome. He had two straight and strong legs to carry him about. He had a pleasant home to live in. Besides, he had books and toys and pets to play with, to say nothing of a little sister.

He took his jack-o'-lantern and started home, feeling very gay.

## II

## A Kind Deed

But after a while Walter began to think of what Billy had said about a boy's not being lonesome with Jack around.

He walked slower and slower. He was wondering how he would like to stay alone all day while his mother went out to work. And how it would feel to hobble about on crutches and have little or nothing to play with. He stopped walking and stood looking down at the face of his jack-o'-lantern.

He said, "If Billy had you, he could put a candle in you tonight and set you on the porch. He would have almost as much fun as anybody when the parade goes by. He would keep you a long time and have you to play with. I know what I'll do. I'll give you to Billy."

It seemed to Walter that Jack winked at him, and that his smile grew broader. The boy turned around and walked back toward Billy's house.

Billy was still sitting on the porch. He looked surprised when he saw Walter coming up the walk.

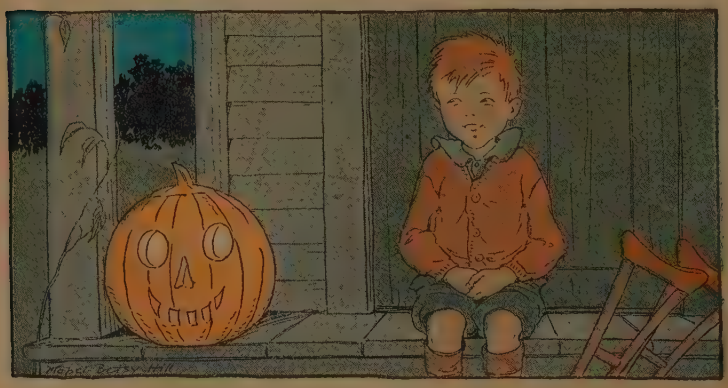
"Billy," said Walter, "Jack says he would like to belong to you!"

"But I do not want to take him," cried Billy. "He is yours, and you must carry him in the parade."

"Pshaw! Do you think I would have a jack-o'-lantern that wants to belong to somebody else?" Walter asked.

He put the jack-o'-lantern in Billy's hands, and off he went whistling.

That night the parade went by Billy's house. There sat Billy with the funny jack-o'-lantern. All the children said it was the finest jack-o'-lantern in town.



And who do you think was the happiest boy in town?

— Frances F. Wright

Read the part of the story that tells:

1. How the jack-o'-lantern looked.
2. What the boys offered Walter for the jack-o'-lantern.
3. Why Walter would not trade.
4. The kind of house in which Billy Baxter lived.
5. What Billy did as Walter was passing.
6. What Billy thought of the jack-o'-lantern.
7. Why Walter was never lonesome.
8. What Walter thought about on the way home.
9. What he said to himself.
10. What he did with his jack-o'-lantern.
11. What happened that night.

## JUDGING BY APPEARANCES

An old Jack-o'-lantern lay on the ground;
He looked at the Moon-man, yellow and round.

The old Jack-o'-lantern gazed and he gazed,
And still as he looked he grew more amazed.

Then said Jack-o'-lantern, "How can it be
That fellow up there looks so much like me?

"I s'pose he must be a brother of mine,
And somebody cut him, too, from the vine.

"He looks very grand up there in the sky;
But I know just how 'twill be, by and by.

"He's proud of his shining, I have no doubt,
But just wait until his candle goes out!"

— Emilie Poulsson

## THE CLIFF DWELLERS

The first white men who came to America found the Indians living in wigwams. These were their homes.

But far, far to the west there were other Indian tribes. They lived in houses built against high cliffs. These Indians were called Cliff Dwellers.

The Cliff Dwellers built their houses in places hard to reach. The only way to reach them was to climb up steep paths. Often a whole tribe of Cliff Dwellers lived in one of these houses. By living together they were safer from savage tribes and wild animals.

The houses of the Cliff Dwellers were made of bricks dried in the sun. These houses were three or four stories high. Each story was set farther back than the one below it.

There were no doors in the walls of the first story. To enter the house, the Cliff

Dwellers climbed up to the roof on ladders.

Through holes in the roof the Indians went down other ladders into the rooms below. A strange way to enter a house!

When the Cliff Dwellers saw an enemy coming, they pulled their ladders to the roof. Then the enemy could not get into the houses.

The Cliff Dwellers wove beautiful blankets, and they made wonderful clay pottery. They wove very fine baskets, too.

Some of the sentences below are true. Some of them are false.

Write on a sheet of paper the numbers 1 to 9, as the sentences below are numbered. After each number on your paper write *True* if the statement is true. Write *False* if the sentence is not true.

1. The first white men found the Indians living in wigwams.
2. All Indians lived in wigwams.
3. The Cliff Dwellers built their houses in the water.
4. Their houses were hard to reach.
5. Their houses were made of sun-dried bricks.
6. There were many doors in their houses.
7. The Cliff Dwellers climbed down holes in the roofs.
8. They let their enemies climb up their ladders.
9. They wove beautiful baskets.

## INDIAN POTTERY

Blue Sky was an Indian girl who lived in the western part of our country. Her tribe were Cliff Dwellers.

One day Blue Sky's mother said to her, "Will you make a water jar for me?"

"Yes, I will, Mother," said Blue Sky.

Blue Sky ran to the river and dug clay from the bank. This she took home and put on a large, smooth stone.

She wanted to make the bottom of the jar first. So she took a small piece of the clay and made a round flat cake.

Blue Sky then took up the clay and rolled it between her hands. The clay became longer and smaller around.

Then she drew the bottom of the jar to her. On its edge she piled the roll. Round and round went the roll.

Then with her fingers Blue Sky smoothed out the cracks between the layers. Next she rubbed a wide, sharp stone over the

jar to take out the rough places.

Now the jar was ready to be painted. Blue Sky mixed white clay with water and made white paint. She used a piece of fur as a paint brush and painted the whole jar. She rubbed the white clay in with a smooth stone.

Then she took two little bowls. In one she put orange clay, in the other black. She mixed each color with a little water.

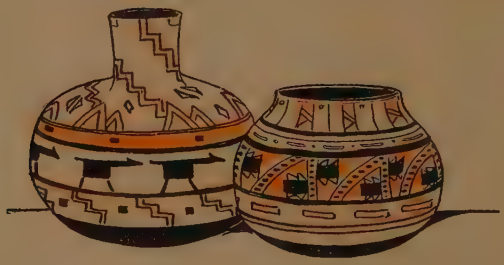
With her finger she painted an orange and black border on her jar, and she painted orange and black figures. Then she put the jar in the sun to dry.

Three days later Blue Sky made a big

wood fire. After a while she made a hole in the coals. She set the jar in the hole and put wood on the hot coals. She kept the fire burning all day. At night she let it go out slowly.

In the morning she took the jar from the ashes. There it stood, whole and well baked. Blue Sky was very proud.

Blue Sky also made a bowl.



Here are the pictures of the bowl and the water jar. Blue Sky's mother put food in the bowl, and she used the jar to carry water to their home.

Take some clay and make either a water jar or a bowl. Draw or paint any Indian pictures on it that you choose.

## MRS. MOODLE

There was once a dear old lady whose name was Mrs. Moodle. She had a pet poodle, and the poodle's name was Troodle.

It does seem an odd thing that their names should rime, doesn't it?

But there it is.

One day Mrs. Moodle went out for a walk and took Troodle with her on a string.

Mrs. Moodle wore a very full skirt made of beautiful black satin. It had little frills all the way up it.

She had on a black bonnet with a pink rose on one side. And there was a neat little bow hid under her chin.

She held her umbrella open over her head. The sun was not shining, nor was it raining or snowing.

"But it might, any minute," said Mrs. Moodle, which was true, you know.

All of a sudden there came a great whirlwind. Before you could say "Jack Robinson" it whirled Mrs. Moodle right up into the sky. Everyone stood open-mouthed, staring at this remarkable sight.

Mrs. Moodle kept hold of the string, and Troodle went up with her into the air. His four legs were all spread out, and his tail was streaming behind him. Mrs. Moodle kept the open umbrella in her hand, too. Up, up, up they went. They

Mabel Betsy Hill

got smaller and smaller. It looked as if they would soon be as high as the clouds.

Then the whirlwind stopped whirling as suddenly as it had begun. Now of course you would have thought that Mrs. Moodle would have fallen down to the earth with a terrible crash, and been smashed into little pieces. But no such thing happened.

The skirt spread out all around her like a balloon, and her open umbrella acted like a parachute. So Mrs. Moodle floated quite gently down to earth again and was not hurt at all.

Ever since that day she has always gone about with an open umbrella. It is not very likely that the same thing will happen to her again, but, as she very rightly says, it might, any minute.

— Rose Fyleman

Draw a picture of Mrs. Moodle out walking. These phrases may help you

check your picture to see that you have put in all the interesting things:

Mrs. Moodle
out for a walk
a very full skirt
beautiful, black satin
little frills all the way up
black bonnet
pink rose on one side
neat little bow under chin
open umbrella over head
Troodle on a string

Draw the picture of Mrs. Moodle after the whirlwind came. From the story choose the phrases which would help you check this picture.

## CAT'S TROUSERS

Have you heard people say that it will not rain if there is enough blue sky to make a pair of trousers for a cat? Do you know where that saying comes from?

I don't suppose you do, so I will tell you.

The cat was once invited to the fairy queen's party. He was very poor, and had no nice clothes. It was the queen's birthday party, and everyone was asked to wear blue. This is the queen's favorite color.

The cat went to the weather clerk on the morning of the party. He asked the clerk if he would give him a bit of sky to make a pair of trousers of. He had tried everywhere but could find no blue cloth.

"What will you give me?" asked the weather clerk. "I have just got all the clouds together for a spell of rain. They are very lazy. If I unsettle them now, I

shall have great trouble in getting them together again."

"If you wait a half hour, I will get you a bag of gold," said the cat.

So the weather clerk promised to wait a half hour.

The cat rushed down the sky to the fairy queen's major-domo, who arranges all her parties.

"Look here," he said, "the weather clerk is making a storm. The queen's party will be ruined if it is not stopped."

"Dear, dear!" cried the major-domo. "I would give anything for fine weather."

"Would you give a bag of gold?" asked the cat.

"Of course," said the major-domo.

So he gave the cat a bag of gold, and the cat rushed back to the weather clerk.

"Here you are," he said. "Now what about my trousers?"

The weather clerk found a tiny patch of blue between two clouds, and he pushed them a little farther apart.

"A little more," said the cat. "The trousers must not be skimpy."

So the clerk pushed the clouds a little farther apart.

"A little more," said the cat. "Trou-

sers are longer now than they used to be."

So the clerk pushed the clouds a little farther apart, though they grumbled at being moved. Then there was quite a large piece of blue showing.

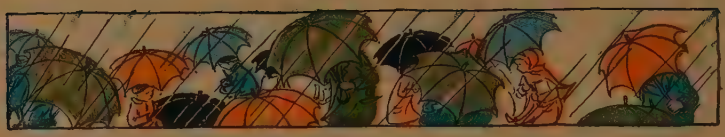
"That will do beautifully," said the cat as the weather clerk gave him the large piece of blue sky. The cat hurried home with it and made a pair of trousers in no time.

But the lazy clouds were so angry at being moved that they would not come back. They drifted slowly away in the directions in which they had been pushed, and the weather clerk could not get them together again.

But the queen got fine weather, and the cat got his trousers, and the weather clerk got his bag of gold. What more do you want?

— Rose Fyleman

This is a story to share with others. One pupil may tell it to another grade.



## CITY RAIN

Rain in the city!
I love to see it fall
Slantwise where the buildings crowd
Red brick and all.
Streets of shiny wetness
Where the taxis go,
With people and umbrellas all
Bobbing to and fro.

Rain in the city!
I love to hear it drip
When I am cozy in my room
Snug as any ship,
With toys spread on the table,
With a picture book or two,
And the rain like a rumbling tune that sings
Through everything I do.

— Rachel Field

## RAIN IN THE NIGHT

Raining, raining,
All night long ;
Sometimes loud, sometimes soft,
Just like a song.

There'll be rivers in the gutters
And lakes along the street.
It will make our lazy kitty
Wash his dirty little feet.

The roses will wear diamonds
Like kings and queens at court ;
But the pansies all get muddy
Because they are so short.

I'll sail my boat tomorrow
In wonderful new places,
But first I'll take my watering-pot
And wash the pansies' faces.

— Amelia Josephine Burr

# THE NEW OVERCOAT

## I

## Where the Wool Came From

This is the story of Jimmy's new overcoat. It was such an overcoat as you don't see every day — a warm brown coat with plenty of fine buttons and a bright red lining. It had deep pockets with flaps and a collar you could button up to the chin.

But I must begin at the very beginning, and the very beginning of that coat was the wool that grew on the back of Jimmy's pet lamb.

Bingo was an ugly lamb, as ugly a lamb as you ever saw. His skin hung in loose folds around his neck. He looked, to tell you the truth, as if he had on his mother's skin and it didn't fit him at all.

His fleece was far from being " as white

as snow." It was a dingy, gray color. Bingo looked as if he had never had a bath — and he hadn't.

But Jimmy did not care how Bingo looked. He was very proud of him, because Bingo was called an extra fine lamb. As for the wrinkles, the more of them the better, said Jimmy. It meant more wool.

When shearing time came, Jimmy led Bingo to the brook. There the shepherds were washing the sheep.

After his wool was washed, Bingo was taken to the shearers, and a badly fright-

ened lamb he was. The shearers strapped him down and set the clippers going, "Buzz-z-z, buzz-z-z, buzz-z-z!" Bingo could not move, but he rolled his eyes and bleated as loud as he could.

When the shearers let him go, he ran to Jimmy for comfort. He had been ugly before, but he was uglier now, with his stubby short coat and his thin body. That did not bother Jimmy, though. He thought only of the wool he had to sell and the money he would get.

"I will buy an overcoat next winter," said Jimmy, "an overcoat with pockets like Daddy's. I am tired of wearing Bill's old one. And it has holes in it!"

He put the money in the savings bank and did not know what became of the wool.

## II

## What Became of the Wool

But I know what became of that wool,

and perhaps you would like to know. It went on a long journey to a city. There it was unloaded and put in a great house.

In this house there were bags of wool from many parts of the country. But none of it was quite as fine as the fleece from Bingo's back. Everybody said so.

After the wool left this house, it was scoured clean and white. Bingo would never have known it for his own. Then it went to a mill, where it was carded and spun. Buzz and whirr and hum went the wheels and turned Bingo's wool into hanks of soft thread.

The thread was sent to the dyers and it came out a pretty brown — not the old dingy gray it was when it left Bingo's back.

Next the wool was taken to the woolen mills. What a roar and a hum the great looms made as they wove the threads into long strips of cloth! There were red, blue, brown, yellow, and green strips made from

other wool, but none of it was quite so fine as the strip of brown cloth from Bingo's wool.

When this strip got to the tailor, he said he had never put his scissors into a finer piece of goods. He made it into an overcoat — a beautiful brown overcoat, of which any boy would be proud.

The overcoat was then shipped to the store from which Jimmy's mother always got his clothes and was put in the window. The minute Jimmy saw it he wanted it.

Mother let him try on the overcoat, and

it fitted him well. It looked as if it had been made for him. So Mother bought the coat and Jimmy wore it home.

After all the family had seen it and admired it, Jimmy went out and showed the overcoat to Bingo. Bingo looked at it as if he liked it. But neither he nor Jimmy dreamed that the fine brown coat was once the dingy coat on Bingo's back.

— Frances F. Wright

After the following ten questions, ten answers are given. Write on a sheet of paper the numbers 1 to 10, as the questions are numbered. After each number write the answer to that question.

1. Where did Jimmy get the wool for his coat?
2. What was the color of the fleece before it was washed?
3. Why were the wrinkles useful?

4. Who cut the wool from the lamb's back?
5. What was first done with the wool after it was cut?
6. What was done with the wool at the mill?
7. To whom was it then sent?
8. What was done with the yarn at the woolen mills?
9. Who made the overcoat?
10. Did Jimmy know that the wool for his overcoat came from Bingo's back?

The tailor.
The shearers.
To the dyers.
It was carded and spun.
A dingy gray.
No.
It was scoured clean.
From Bingo's back.
More wool would grow.
It was made into cloth.

## PATTIE'S NEW DRESS

Pattie was a little girl who lived long, long ago. In those days many of the things that we now buy from stores were made at home. There were home-made carpets, and home-made stockings, and home-made dollies.

So, when Pattie needed a warm new dress, her grandmother said, "I will spin the wool for it."

"And I will weave the cloth," said Rachel, the oldest girl in the family.

The little girl's mother said, "And I will make the dress by the new pattern that Miss Eva Page has just brought home from her cousin's. She was telling me about it yesterday, and it will fit Pattie, I know."

The sheep had given the wool from their backs for Pattie's new dress. It was as soft as down, and as white as milk, and as

beautiful as snow. That is what Pattie thought.

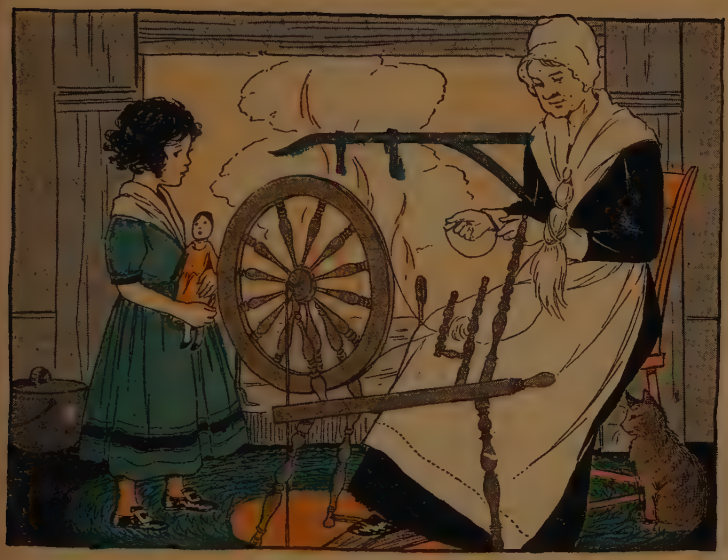
Grandmother carded the wool fine and smooth. Then she fastened it on her spindle and sent the spinning wheel whirling around.

"Zum-m-m-m-m-m! zum-m-m-m-m-m!" sang the wheel as it turned. "Zum-m-m-m-m-m!" Pattie's brother Joe said it sounded as if there were bees in the room: "Zum-m-m-m-m-m!"

As Grandmother drew the thread out from the fleecy wool, she said:

"A hum and a whirl,
A twist and a twirl,
That is the way good yarn is spun."

Pattie stood by to watch her spin. There was a smile on her lips, and there was a laugh in her eyes. And there were more questions on the tip of her little tongue than Grandmother had time to answer.



"Will there be a pocket in my new dress?" she asked. "And buttons down the back? And oh, Grandmother, what color is it going to be?"

"I know," said Brother Joe. He had just come in from the woods with a bundle of walnut bark. "It will be the color of a — chestnut."

"Brown, brown, brown!" cried Pattie.

Mother made a dye with the walnut bark. And, sure enough, when she dipped

the yarn into the dye, it came out a beautiful brown — just as Pattie had guessed.

Then Sister Rachel fastened the yarn into the loom and began to weave.

The treadle went up and the treadle went down, with a click and a clack — such a merry sound.

Away sprang the shuttle to carry the thread under and over, and in and out. The cloth grew in the loom as if by magic. When it was almost woven, Pattie was sent to get the pattern.

She was delighted to go on such an errand ; and she told everybody she met about her new dress.

"Good morning," she said. "I am going to have a new brown dress. Mother is going to begin it this very day, just as soon as I get the pattern from Miss Eva Page."

Miss Eva Page had more patterns than

anybody in town, and she was always glad to lend them. As soon as she heard what Pattie wanted, she put on her glasses and looked for the pattern.

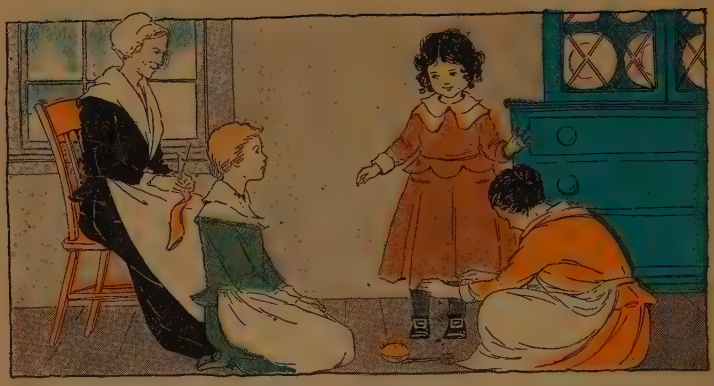
"Cousin Mary Carter's Peggy had a dress made by this very pattern," she said. Then she rolled it up in a neat little bundle and tied a pink string around it.

"Did Peggy's dress have a pocket?" asked Pattie.

"Yes, indeed," said Miss Eva, "two pockets, and they were bound with fine braid."

When Pattie got home, Rachel had taken the cloth out of the loom, and Mother was ready to begin the dress.

Snip, snip, snip went the sharp scissors, and stitch, stitch, stitch flew the shining needle. Long after Pattie was in bed and fast asleep that night, Mother was busy sewing. Grandmother and Rachel helped, too, and the dress was finished the very next day.



It had pockets, two of them, bound with fine braid. And it had buttons down the back. They looked like a row of bright red berries.

Pattie wore the dress when she carried the pattern back to Miss Eva Page, and everybody she met had something to say about it.

Jack Frost had come in the night and the wintry winds had begun to blow, but Pattie did not care.

"I am warm as toast in my new woolen dress," she said.

— Maud Lindsay

Read these sentences in the order they should come to show how Pattie got her new dress.

1 The sheep gave his wool.
5 Rachel wove the yarn into cloth.
8 Grandmother, Mother, and Rachel made the dress.
3 Grandmother spun the wool into yarn.
6 Pattie got the pattern from Miss Eva Page.
2 Grandmother carded the wool.
4 Mother dyed the yarn.
7 Mother cut out the dress.

In "Pattie's New Dress" you are told of the way in which the sheep's wool became Pattie's dress. In "The New Overcoat" you are told of the way in which the sheep's wool became Jimmy's overcoat. Tell what is different in the two ways described. Tell what is alike.

## THE PICTURE BOOK

Mr. Gray's cotton patch was like a picture book to Jenny. She could see it from her back yard, and every day she turned a new page in the book.

At first the field was bare and brown. But the seeds were already planted in long rows, and the first picture was that of the small green plants coming up.

The next time Jenny went out to look at the field, negro women were chopping some of the young plants. They were "thinning" them. The plants do not grow well if they are too close together.

The women were singing "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot." Jenny climbed up on top of the board fence and sat there to listen. No other music was as sweet as that, she thought.

After a while the cotton was blooming. That was a beautiful picture! Row on

row of plants with creamy blossoms — blossoms very much like the hollyhocks in the garden. The next day some of the flowers had turned pink. When the flowers were gone, Jenny saw small green balls. Mr. Gray told her these are called "bolls."

In the fall the green bolls turned brown and began popping open. Every day Jenny sat on top of the fence and watched the field get whiter and whiter. This was another beautiful page in her picture book.

Now it was "picking time." Jenny saw men and women go to the field with sacks. She could hear them singing as they picked.

Jenny ran to ask her mother if she could pick cotton. "Yes," said Mother, "if Mr. Gray will let you."

Mr. Gray told her she could pick cotton if she wanted to. And he gave her a little sack to put over her shoulder.

The puffs of cotton were loose and ready for her eager fingers. And she quickly dropped the white cotton into her bag. "Why, cotton picking is easy," Jenny thought.

Then the sun grew hotter. The sack grew heavier. Jenny grew hungry, and her arms ached. Her back ached, and her head ached. But she would not stop until the others did.

When the red sun dropped out of sight, Jenny went to the big scales. Mr. Gray was there, weighing the cotton and paying the pickers.

He weighed Jenny's little sack of cotton, and he gave her some money. It was not very much, but Jenny was proud of it.

The next morning, Father said, "You know now how cotton is picked. I will take you to a gin, and you can see how the seed is taken from the cotton."

So Jenny saw the cotton ginned. She stood and watched the wonderful machine that took the seed out.

"This is another page in my picture book," she said. "Tell me what happens next."

"I will take you to a mill and show you," said Father.

And that is what he did. He took Jenny to a big mill. There she saw many things. She saw the cotton spun into yarn, and she saw the yarn dyed. Then she saw the yarn woven into bright-colored cloth. The kind superintendent showed her everything.

Jenny liked the weaving best of all. "Over, under; over, under," the threads went.

"That is the way we weave in school!" cried Jenny. And she hummed a song she knew:

"Over and under and over we go,
Weaving the cotton as white as the snow,
Weaving the cloth for a dress, oh, ho!
As over and under and over we go."

But the great loom went so fast that Jenny had to watch closely to see the threads go "over and under."

Then the superintendent took Jenny and Father to a room where there were great rolls of cotton cloth. All of them were bright and pretty.

The superintendent asked Jenny which roll she liked best. She looked at all the rolls a long time, and then she said, "That one." And she pointed to a pretty blue roll.

"I think that is pretty, too," said the superintendent.

What do you think he did then? He gave Jenny a little "end cut" — a remnant. And he said, "You can make your doll a dress."

How happy Jenny was! She thanked the man again and again.

When she went home, Mother helped her make the doll dress.

"This is the very last page in my picture book," Jenny said, "and it is the prettiest."

— FRANCES F. WRIGHT

Below are the names of the "pictures" in Jenny's picture book. Number the pictures in the order in which they should come.

5 Chopping the cotton
1 Green plants coming up
3 Cotton plants with bolls on them
2 Plants with flowers on them
4 White fields — "picking time"
7 Spinning the yarn
8 Ginning the cotton
9 Weaving the cloth
10 Making the doll dress
6 Dyeing the yarn

# THE BAG OF GOLD

## I

## The Happy Family

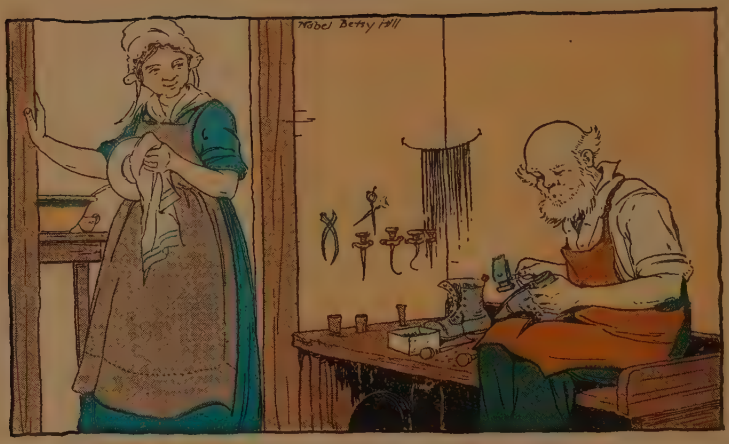
In the village of Pleasant, there stood a little hut. Here lived Mr. Whistle, the shoemaker, and Mrs. Whistle, the shoemaker's wife.

The shoemaker's name was not Whistle, but everybody called him that. This was because he whistled all day long.

And Mrs. Whistle was called by that name because she was Mr. Whistle's wife.

Mr. Whistle sat at his bench all day, working with all his might and singing at the top of his voice.

People passing by liked to hear him whistling and singing away. No matter how sad they were, it always made them a little happier to stop and listen to him. At times they would even stop to have




their shoes mended, whether the shoes needed mending or not. They enjoyed hearing him whistle and sing so cheerily.

But no one loved Mr. Whistle's singing and whistling more than his wife. When good Mrs. Whistle heard him whistle, it made her heart dance up and down inside of her. It seemed to make the house dance too, and to make the work lighter. When he was whistling, it did not matter how many dishes there were to wash, nor how many pots there were to scour, nor how many floors there were to scrub.

And so the two old folks lived together as busy and as happy as that.

## II

## Finding the Gold

One day Mr. Whistle decided he wanted to take a holiday, so he kissed Mrs. Whistle twice on each of her red, red cheeks and away he went. He walked and he walked and he walked until he came to a high hill, and he climbed this hill all the way to the top. At the very, very top, down he sat.

The hill was so high that he could see on all sides of him. He could see to the edge of the whole world, he thought. He could see red roofs and brown roofs and white roofs, and big rivers and little rivers and middle-sized rivers, and things like that.

While he was looking, he saw something very bright and very shiny a long way off. "What is that, I wonder?" he asked.

As there was nobody around to answer him, he got no answer.

The more he looked, the more shiny it seemed to grow. At last, he made up his mind to find out what it was. So up he got, and away he walked and walked and walked. He walked all the way through his left shoe ; that's how far he walked!

But by this time he had reached the shiny thing, and what do you think he found? A big bag as full of gold as could be.

The shoemaker picked it up, threw it over his shoulder, and started home with it. It was so heavy that he could not walk very fast. As he had such a long way to go, it took him all night to get there. He walked and he walked and he walked until he walked all the way through his right shoe.

Just as he did that he found himself at home. There was his wife in bed fast asleep.

The shoemaker was very tired, but he did not dare to go to bed until he had hidden his bag of gold. He tried to put it away in one place. Then he tried to put it away in a second place. And he tried to put it away in still a third place. But he could not quite make up his mind where to put it.

If he put it in the first place, the robbers might find it. If he put it in the second place, his wife might find it. And if he put it in the third place, he himself might forget where he had put it.

Guess what he did. He did not put it in any of these places. He laid the bag of gold upon his little brown bench and sat on top of it for the rest of the night. In the morning, there his wife found him!

"Come over to the table and eat your breakfast," she called.

But he would not stir from the little brown bench. At last his wife had to bring him his bowl and his spoon, and his

breakfast of bread and milk, and set them on the bench beside him.

It was the same way at dinner time and at supper time. He was so worried about the bag of gold that he could hardly eat.

## III

## What Became of the Gold

After that the shoemaker stopped whistling and singing altogether. At night he could not sleep. He would keep his eyes and his ears wide open for fear a

robber might come and take away the bag of gold. Soon he grew so thin and so yellow that he looked like straw.

People passing by on the little side street in the little village of Pleasant would stop and listen for his whistle and his song. But he no longer whistled, and he no longer sang. And away they would go as sad as they had come.

But it made his wife sadder than anybody else.

"What is the matter with you?" she asked him again and again. But he would never tell her a thing. He would not even shake his head yes or no for fear he might give his secret away.

One day, Mrs. Whistle became very ill. When the doctor called, she sobbed and sobbed. And she said, "The house used to be such a happy place. Now it is as sad as can be."

"I have no medicine for that kind of

sickness!" said the doctor. And he went away, and left her crying.

Now the cobbler really loved his wife. When he saw her crying, he could not keep his secret to himself another minute. He told her all about the bag of gold.

"Take it away! Take it away!" she cried.

"Why? What for?" asked the cobbler.

"I don't want gold," she answered him. "I want to be happy. I want to hear you whistle. I want you to take the gold away. What is more, I will get up this very minute and go with you to see that you do take it away!"

And she did.

The cobbler took the bag of gold and threw it over his shoulder. And the two went off to the market place, and there they gave the gold away to the poor people of the village.

Then they came home again. The mo-

ment the cobbler walked into the house he began to whistle and to sing at the top of his voice. And he was happier than he had ever been before. He was no longer afraid of robbers coming in the middle of the night, because there was nothing they could steal. He could get up and eat his bread and milk anywhere he pleased, and that is just what he did.

Now his wife was happier. After that, whenever he whistled, she whistled ; whenever he sang, she sang.

The people passing by on the little side street in the little village of Pleasant were happier, too.

The cobbler mended many shoes, and whistled many tunes. He whistled so much that, when your shoes creak, you may know it is the echo of the cobbler's whistle tucked away inside of them.

And That's That!

— Beth A. Retner, *Adapted*

Find the answer to each question.

What happened when Mr. Whistle whistled?

The housework became heavier.
People were more cheerful.
People scrubbed their floors.

What did Mr. Whistle find?

A bag of gold and silver
A bag of gold
A little bag of silver

What did he do with the gold when he got home?

He hid it under the bed.
He put it on the bench.
He spent the money.

What became of the gold at last?

They gave it to the doctor.
They gave it to the poor.
They spent it in the market place.

Before I went to China, I wondered why they made such queer-looking dolls for the girls to play with. When I reached that country, I found that the dolls look like the children.

American children think the Chinese language is queer and difficult, but both my boy and girl learned to talk Chinese before they could speak English.

My boy was asked to write a letter for the Boys' Department of a newspaper. This is what he wrote :

" My home is in Peking. I am nine years old. I can talk Chinese. I learned it before I did English. It is easy. You talk it the same as you do English ; only the words are different."

The nurses who care for the little children talk to them. They say, " Ba-ba, ma-ma,"

which means *papa*, *mama*. The children talk, too. They talk about everything they see. That is why a child learns so quickly.

As soon as the boy is old enough, he grows a queue. The Chinese find the queue very useful. The workman puts a towel over his head, wraps his queue around it, and makes himself a hat. The beggar often uses the queue to drive away the dogs.

The boys use one another's queues for

reins when they play horse. And they have a game of queue in which one can be tagged only when the queue is hanging down the back instead of the front.

Chinese boys and girls dress like men and women. Their clothes are very much alike, but the girls' clothes are decorated more than the boys.

One of the best things about Chinese children is their politeness. They learn to be polite when they are little, and they keep it up all their lives. They never forget to say "If you please" and "Thank you." And no child would go in front of his father or mother. Neither would he sit down in the room with older persons unless he was told to do so.

Most Chinese children love to study. They study aloud. They say, "That is a good way to learn a thing. You *see* what you are learning; you *hear* what you are learning; and you *say* what you are learning."

The Chinese boy begins to read his book at the right side instead of at the left as we do. He reads from the top of the page to the bottom. His book is printed only on one side of the paper.

When the Chinese boy shakes hands with you, he shakes his own hands and lets you shake yours.

— Isaac Taylor Headland

Tell these things :

Three ways in which queues are useful

Three things about the clothes of Chinese children

Three polite things Chinese children do

Three reasons why they think it is a good thing to study aloud

Three ways in which Chinese books are different from ours

The queer way the Chinese boy shakes hands

## HOW DID THEY DO IT?

### 1. The Jar of Water

Chang was a little Chinese boy who always tried to understand everything he saw. This habit was a good one, and once it helped in a time of danger.

Chang and some other boys were playing on a bank. On a road below them was a jar full of water. The children did not see the jar, and one of them fell into it.

The boys ran to the jar, but they did not know what to do. The jar was tall and very heavy. Not one of the boys could reach the top, and not one could overturn the jar.

The other boys began to cry because they feared their playmate would be drowned.

But Chang thought of something to do. He threw a stone at the jar and made a hole in it. The water ran out, and the boy was saved.

## 2. The Lost Ball

Ling Lee was another Chinese boy who could think well and quickly.

One day Ling Lee and some friends were playing with a very fine ball. Near them was a hollow post, and the ball fell into it.

All the children thought they could not get the ball — all except Ling Lee. He knew what to do.

He ran to the village well and got a bucket of water. This he poured into the hollow post. He poured in another bucket of water, another bucket, and still another. He poured until the post was full.

The ball floated to the top. Then Ling Lee climbed up and got the ball.

— Adapted from *The Book of Knowledge*

Think of other hard things to do and find out if your classmates know how to do them.

# THE MOON'S BIRTHDAY

## I

## The Lantern Maker's Shop

Did you know that the moon has a birthday? She has, and, as she is very, very old, she has had many birthdays.

On one birthday night, the Chinese children decided to give the moon birthday presents.

They said, "The moon loves bright things, and her presents shall be beautiful lanterns. We shall have lanterns of every color and of every kind."

The children asked the lantern maker to make the lanterns. He said, "Of course I will make them for you."

First the lantern maker made a little paper man with a white patch on his nose. It looked like a spot of flour. The

From *The Moon's Birthday* by Dorothy Rowe. By permission of The Macmillan Company, publishers.

lantern maker called this lantern Small Flour Face.

Small Flour Face was a very fine lantern. His coat was green, and his paper trousers were pink and frilly. He had paper feet that could move.

His face was made of mud, and his body of bamboo. Inside of his hollow body was a place for a bright candle.

The lantern maker put a candle in his hollow body and hung him up in the shop. There he would stay until someone bought him for a present to the moon.

Small Flour Face was hung beside two other paper lanterns, Green Frog and Snowy Swan. He thought he looked very fine, and at first he was very proud.

"Hello, there! How are you?" he called to Green Frog.

"I am quite leapy, thank you," Green Frog said. "But I am standing still and being very careful of my beautiful green

skin. I do not want my candle to tip over and break me. Soon someone will come in and buy me. Then I shall go out into the world."

"I hope I shall be bought soon," said Small Flour Face. "I want to go out into the world. There the streets are all yellow and the sky is blue."

Snowy Swan said, "I want to see the blue sky, too. And I want to see water. I am made to be put right down on the water. I shall be quite nice looking when my candle is lit."

"Oh, you will not be so ugly," said a pink flower lantern. "But I am sure that a boy or girl would think me more beautiful than any other paper lantern."

This made Snowy Swan, Small Flour Face, and Green Frog very angry. But, before they could answer, a tall man came into the shop. He had come to buy a lantern for his little boy.

"That Green Frog is very fine," the lantern maker said.

"What is the price?" asked the man.

"Twenty pennies," said the lantern maker.

All the lanterns were as still as could be. Some hung quietly from the walls and ceiling. The little ducks and frogs sat on the floor. Even the big paper fish was still. Each little paper lantern hoped in his paper lantern heart that the tall man would buy him.

Then they heard the man say, "How much do you ask for the lantern with the floury face?"

"Forty pennies," said the lantern maker.

"Too much!" cried the man. "I shall take a cheaper lantern."

## II

### What Became of the Lanterns

The days went by. All kinds of lanterns

were sold. But Small Flour Face, Snowy Swan, and Green Frog were not sold.

The night before the birthday party a little girl bought Green Frog.

Small Flour Face heard her say, "I shall take this lantern to the Palace of the Northern Sea."

"Yes," the lantern maker said, "and you will ride out on the lake in a boat, and put the Frog on the beautiful water."

Soon Snowy Swan was taken by a boy. Small Flour Face heard him say, "My brother has given me two beautiful flower lanterns. I want this white bird to put between them."

Small Flour Face hung his head and sighed. No one seemed to want him.

The next day went by and still he was not bought. Darkness came. The lantern maker sat down by a window to watch the moon rise and see the children go by.

He saw Small Flour Face on his hook and said, "I made you very carefully and yet you are not sold. A late buyer may come in and get you."

Just then a boy dashed in to buy a lantern. "I want that one, Mother," he cried, and he pointed to Small Flour Face.

And so Small Flour Face was sold. The boy took him into the moon-bright streets, past crowds of children with lighted lanterns. On he went to the Palace of the

Northern Sea — the place Small Flour Face most wanted to go.

It was time for the party to begin. Hundreds of people crowded into boats and went out on the lake. Hundreds of beautiful lanterns were lighted and put gently down on the water.

Small Flour Face felt his candle being lighted, and he felt the boy place him on the water. Guess where he placed the lantern. Near Green Frog and Snowy Swan!

It was a happy moment for Small Flour Face. He smiled at the moon, and he was sure the moon smiled back at him. And Small Flour Face's heart was filled with joy.

— Dorothy Rowe, *Abridged and Adapted*

Draw and color Small Flour Face.
Draw and color Green Frog.
Cut out Snowy Swan.

## ANIMAL CRACKERS

Animal crackers, and cocoa to drink,
That is the finest of suppers I think ;
When I'm grown up and can have what I please
I think I shall always insist upon these.

What do you choose when you're offered a treat?
When Mother says, "What would you like best to eat?"
Is it waffles and sirup, or cinnamon toast?
It's cocoa and animals that I love most!

The kitchen's the coziest place that I know :
The kettle is singing, the stove is aglow,
And there in the twilight, how jolly to see
The cocoa and animals waiting for me.

Daddy and Mother dine later in state,
With Mary to cook for them, Susan to wait ;
But they don't have nearly as much fun as I
Who eat in the kitchen with Nurse standing by ;
And Daddy once said he would like to be me
Having cocoa and animals once more for tea !

— CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

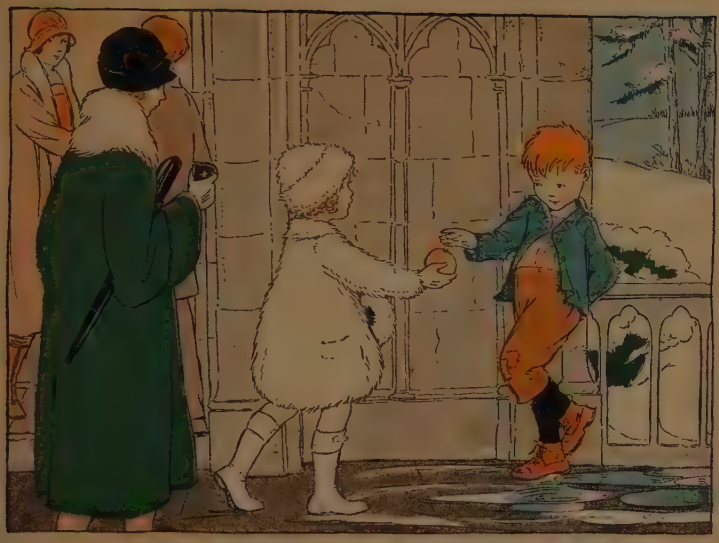
It was the day before Thanksgiving. Snow covered the whole town with a blanket of white.

The clock in the great church struck five. A poor boy named Hans stood in the corner of the porch where the cold wind would not reach him.

The great doors were thrown open, and people began to enter the church. The organ pealed forth, and the choir began to sing.

Hans heard the organ and the choir, and he wished that he might go into the church. But he dared not go. His clothes were rags. He had not even a cap on his head and his shoes were torn. And he had no Thanksgiving offering.

So he stood in the corner and watched the people go in. Ladies in fur coats went by, and Hans wondered how it would feel to have thick clothes and not be cold.



A carriage drew up to the door, and a beautiful lady and a little girl came in.

Hans thought the little girl must be a fairy. Her coat was of pretty white fur, and her cap and muff were made of the same soft white fur.

In her hands she carried a big rosy apple. As she passed Hans and saw his sad eyes, she stopped. "Here, little boy," she said, "here is an apple for you."

And then she ran on to her mother,

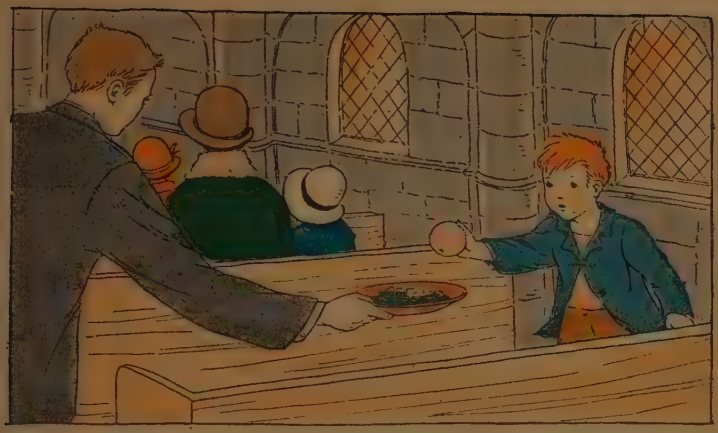
leaving Hans with the apple in his hands. For a long time Hans stood still. He could hear the organ and the sweet singing, and he wished he could follow the little girl into the church.

At last he slipped into a seat at the back of the church, and there he sat very quiet and happy. As he heard the sweet music, his heart grew bigger and bigger. And he wished he could do something to show his thankfulness.

A man moved about the church with a gold plate in his hands. As he passed people, they put gold and silver money on the plate.

How Hans wished he had something to put on the plate! "What could a poor ragged boy give?" he asked himself.

The man reached the seat on which Hans sat and held out the plate. Hans rose and laid the rosy apple upon it. It was his all, and the little girl had given it to him;



but he gave it to show his thankfulness.

Softly the organ played as the man went back with the plate. The people bowed their heads while the pastor prayed that God would bless the gift.

And what do you think happened?

The rosy apple was turned to gold. Of all the gifts laid on the plate, the apple was the greatest in the sight of our Lord.

— Adapted from *The Book of Knowledge*

This is a good story to tell. You may wish to tell it to another grade at Thanksgiving.

## THE SQUIRRELS

Mother Squirrel had four baby squirrels. Their home was a soft nest in a hollow tree.

At first the squirrels were ugly little things. They had big heads, no fur, and their eyes were shut tight.

By and by the little eyes opened, and the fur grew fast. Soon it was as smooth as satin.

The squirrels began to look like their pretty mother, but their tails were not like hers. Her tail was long and like a plume. It looked very pretty curved up on her back.

For a time the squirrels lived on their mother's milk. Then she fed them worms and buds and fruit. At first she had to chew the food for them. But soon they could chew it themselves.

Mother Squirrel went off each day to

hunt for food. The little squirrels wanted to go, too. But Mother Squirrel said, "You are not strong enough yet."

One morning the oldest squirrel said, "I am not a baby squirrel. I will peep out of this hole."

So he crept to the mouth of the hole and peeped out with his round bright eyes.

After he crept back to the nest, the other squirrels climbed up to look out. One by one they crept to the mouth of the hole.

Every day the little squirrels would

scramble to the mouth of the hole and look out. They did not dare to step out. It even made them dizzy to look down to the ground.

At last the children were strong enough to run and climb, and Mother Squirrel had to teach them how.

At first the little ones were afraid. They dug their claws into the bark and hung on. Mother Squirrel had to coax them to follow her up the tree.

Every morning the little ones were taken out to practice climbing. Little by little they learned how to balance themselves. Their tails helped them to do this. They would switch their tails first to one side, then to the other. And they crept along step by step.

When the squirrels were three months old, they could take care of themselves. They found new trees to live in, and there they had a happy life.

1. There were four baby squirrels.
2. The little squirrels were beautiful.
3. They had little heads.
4. They had no fur.
5. The mother squirrel had a short tail.
6. The little squirrels first lived on their mother's milk.
7. Then they ate worms, buds, and fruit.
8. The squirrels always chewed their own food.
9. It made them dizzy to look down.
10. Mother Squirrel did not have to coax them to climb trees.
11. They were taken out to practice climbing once a week.
12. Their tails helped them to balance themselves.
13. They could take care of themselves in three months.

## THE DISAPPOINTED SQUIRREL

Once upon a time a little squirrel lived in a wood. He was as plump and playful and happy as could be.

The squirrel's home was in an old oak tree. Up and down the tree he ran, and in and out of his hole in the tree.

When summer was over, the squirrel made a nest in the hole. And he put nuts in it. These were for cold winter days.

About this time the birds began to meet in groups and chirp and chirp. The squirrel wondered what they were talking about.

At last he found out. The birds told him they were talking about flying to another land.

"What land?" the squirrel asked.

"A land where there is no winter," one bird said.

"There the trees are green all the time," said another bird. "Flowers are always

blooming, and fruits and nuts are always ripening."

"Oh, how wonderful that land must be!" cried the squirrel. "Where is it?"

"Over that way," one bird said. And he pointed to the south.

"It is beyond those blue hills," said another bird.

The little squirrel ran from bird to bird, and he asked many questions: "Which birds will go? When will they go? Is it far?"

The squirrel was told that some birds had already gone. Indeed, many were leaving every day.

"How long does it take you to get there?" the squirrel asked.

"Oh, two or three weeks," a bird said.

The leaves were falling, and the nights were getting cold. The squirrel thought and thought about the beautiful land. How he wished he could go to it!

One day he did go. He started out at sunrise, and he kept going toward the blue hills.

On and on he went, but the hills seemed very far away. The sun was low in the sky when he came to the foot of the hills.

"I must reach the top before dark," the squirrel said.

But he did not reach the top. He had to stop and rest.

He said to himself, "I have been foolish. The birds take two or three weeks to get to this beautiful land. I have no wings. I shall never reach there."

Just then a large bird saw the squirrel and picked him up. The bird was going

to carry the squirrel off and eat him.

Poor little squirrel! He thought his end had come.

But another large bird wanted the squirrel. He flew at the big bird and the two began to fight. Backward and forward they flew. The squirrel did not know which way they went, nor how far.

The fight grew fiercer and fiercer. At last the first bird had to drop the little squirrel. He needed his claws for the fight.

Down, down, down the squirrel fell. He thought he would be killed on the rocks, but he fell on the top of a large tree.

He was sore and bruised, and he sat still for a long time. Then he came down the branches very slowly.

He sat on one of the lowest branches and looked around. And what do you think? He had fallen into his own oak tree!

The little squirrel crept to the foot of the tree and crawled into his hole. After he ate some nuts, he curled up in his warm nest.

As he dropped off to sleep, he said to himself, "I will not try to go to strange lands again. This land is good enough for me."

—W. H. Hudson, *Adapted*

Ask a classmate to read the part of the story you like the best.

## HOMES

Did you notice on your way to school how many kinds of houses you passed? Some of them were large; others were small. Perhaps some of them were made of wood or brick. Of what other things can people make houses?

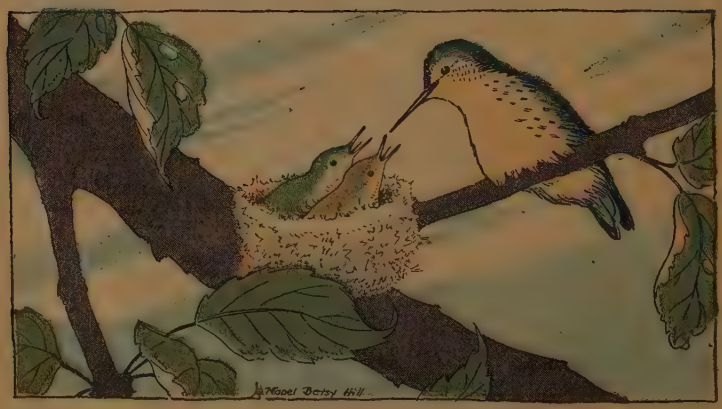
If you look closely you will find houses that were not built by people. These houses are in trees and bushes. They are the homes birds have made.

If you watch carefully when you are out walking in the parks, fields, or woods, you will find that each family of birds builds a different kind of home.

You will be surprised when you see the nest made by the bright, cheerful robin. He is trim and neat, but his home is coarse and rough. He gets some sticks and plasters them together rather loosely with mud. He makes a very untidy nest.

The dove is another bird that is not a good builder. He uses only a few twigs and makes a poor nest. He does not like to have his home where everyone can look in, so he hides it among the thick leaves of trees. Although the home is poorly made, it holds two lovely eggs.

The humming bird is an artist. He finds the down of the thistle and bits of gray or green moss, and with these he makes a lovely, tiny nest. It is fastened to a limb of a tree and looks like a knot on the limb.



The blue jay is one of the most beautiful birds, but he is also a great fighter ; so he is always getting into trouble. That may be why he so often has thorns on the outside of his house. He knows some of the birds have good reason not to be his friends, and the wise fellow protects his home with the thorns.

The orioles are wonderful weavers, and they are very careful in building their homes. Bits of cotton or yarn are woven together with long, soft pieces of grass.

Some birds are good carpenters and

build houses of wood. The woodpecker is one of these. He carries his tools about with him. His bill is both a hammer and a chisel. He pecks away with his bill and makes the chips fly fast. Soon he has made a hole in a hollow tree. This is the door to his home.

Some birds are miners and dig in the earth. The kingfisher is such a bird. He tunnels down several feet into the earth. Then he digs out a room in which he makes a nest.

There may be other birds about your home. Find out for yourselves what kinds of homes they build.

Tell the kind of home each of these birds makes :

The robin
The dove
The oriole
The blue jay
The kingfisher
The humming bird
The woodpecker

## KNOW YOUR BOOK

In the Contents, beginning on page 3, you will find the names of the stories and poems in this book and sometimes the names of the authors who wrote them.

You have read the stories and poems asked for below. See how quickly you can find the number of the page on which each begins. Then turn to the page.

A funny story about a frog
A story about the wind
A Halloween story
A story about Indians
A story about a giant
A poem written by Christopher Morley
A story about a cat
A poem written by Emilie Poulsson
A story about a little French girl
A story about Indians
A story about a woolen overcoat
A story that tells about birds

# THE PUDDING STICK

## I

## The Children Find a Pet

Hans and Gretchen lived in a little hut with their grandmother.

The grandmother worked hard for a living, but she was old and weak. Often she and the children did not have food to eat.

Hans said, "When I am big, I will work hard. I will take care of you, Grandmother."

"So will I," said Gretchen.

There was one thing Hans could do. He could cut pudding sticks out of pine wood. These he sold to the neighbors at a penny apiece. He always took the money home to his grandmother.

And there was something Gretchen could do. She could wind the yarn her grandmother spun.

Grandmother often said that the children were a great help. And she said she did not know what she would do without them.

One day the children were in the fields picking strawberries. Suddenly, a great hawk came flying to the earth. The children could see that he was trying to catch something.

Gretchen screamed, but Hans threw a stick at the hawk. This frightened the big bird, and he flew away.

Then Hans saw a pretty little squirrel on the ground. It was weak and bleeding. The hawk had torn it with its sharp claws.

The children took the squirrel home with them and fed it. That night they made a warm bed for it and covered it well.

The next morning the squirrel was better. How pretty it was, and how full of tricks! The children soon grew to love the squirrel very much.

## II

### The Squirrel Brings Good Luck

One night Hans sat on a stool with a pile of wood by his side, cutting pudding sticks. Gretchen sat on the floor playing with the squirrel.

Suddenly the squirrel stopped playing and began to nibble at a piece of wood. The children heard it gnawing and scratching all night.

The next morning the squirrel was gone. The children could not find it anywhere, and they wept for their pet.

Hans went to his pile of wood to begin work on a pudding stick. And what do you suppose he found? There was the most beautiful pudding stick the children had ever seen.

"Look, Grandmother," Hans cried. "See what a fine pudding stick I have! The squirrel must have made it in the night. I must try it to see if it stirs well."

He put the stick into the pot and began to stir. And a wonderful thing happened. The more he twirled the stick, the fuller the pot became. Soon it was full of soup — the best soup they had ever tasted.

This went on for days. All Hans had to do was to twirl the stick and the pot would fill up with soup. In the soup there would be meat and potatoes and all kinds of good things.

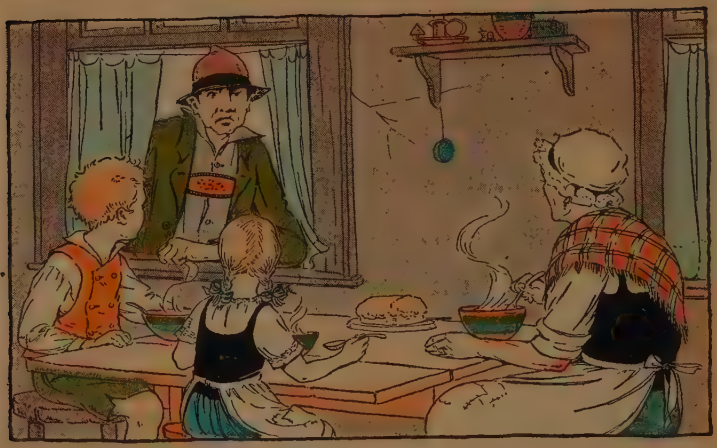
Now the grandmother and the children had a happy life. The grandmother became strong and well, and the children grew larger and stronger each day.

And these good people did not forget the poor. There was always something left for those who were hungry.

## III

## A Visitor Comes

One day the grandmother and the children sat at the table, eating the good soup.



They were merry and happy and laughed and joked all the time.

Suddenly a thick head popped in at the window. It was their neighbor Claus.

"Hi!" he cried, "you are having a jolly time here. You certainly have enough and to spare."

"We are just eating our dinner," the grandmother said. "Will you come in and have some?"

"Yes," the man answered in a rough way. And he took a seat at the table.

Claus did not like to see his poor neigh-

bors have such good food. He said, "I am a rich man, but I have no soup like this on my table. Hans must make a great deal of money with his pudding sticks. Or perhaps one of you knows where to steal gold."

This thought made the grandmother shiver. "No, indeed," she cried. "We are honest people."

Then she told him of the pudding stick.

"Now a child knows better than that," the neighbor said. "A pudding stick cannot put soup in an empty pot."

Grandmother told Hans to bring the empty pot and the pudding stick. He began to twirl the stick, and soon the pot was filled with soup.

"That is strange," said Claus. And he took the stick and looked at it closely.

He ate all of the soup. Then he went away without saying "Thank you."

The wicked man could think of nothing

now but the pudding stick. How could he get hold of it?

"Those poor people should not have such fine soup," he said. "Potatoes and water are good enough for them."

## IV

## The Two Sticks

One morning the grandmother and the children went to the forest to look for deadwood. The wicked neighbor saw them go. Soon he slyly went to the house and broke open the door.

He took the pudding stick out of the pot and put another in its place. It looked just like the magic stick. Then he fastened the door and went to his home.

Late that day the grandmother and the children came home. Each of them carried a bundle of wood. All of them were tired and hungry.

"Make us some soup, Hans," the grandmother said.

Hans took the stick and began to twirl it. But the pot remained empty. He twirled for half an hour, but the pot was as empty as ever.

"Perhaps we have used the stick too often," the grandmother said. "Let it rest. Tomorrow it may be better."

She made a water soup and put in some pieces of old bread. And she cooked the last potato they had. Then they all sat down to the table.

Just then they heard cries and screams. The sounds came from the house of Claus.

"Run, Hans," the grandmother cried. "Claus must be in trouble. Perhaps you can help him."

Hans ran to his neighbor's house and peeped into the front room. And what do you think he saw? The room was nearly filled with water, and Claus was standing on top of a table, crying, "Help! help! I shall be drowned! I shall be drowned!"

Higher and higher the water was rising, and faster and faster.

Claus had put the pudding stick in the pot and twirled it just as Hans had done. Soon the pot had filled, but not with soup. It had filled with a dark green water.

Claus stopped twirling the stick, but the pot went on filling, and the water poured over the sides.

It ran on the floor and rose higher and higher. Claus was frightened and climbed upon a table. When Hans came, the water was nearly up to the top of the table. Soon it would reach the man's chin.

Hans broke the window, and the water rushed out, the pudding stick floating upon the top of it.

Hans took it up and carried it home. The first thing he did was to try it. He wanted to see if it were his magic stick.

It was, and quickly the pot filled with soup.

As soon as the stick was taken from the neighbor's house, the water rose no more. It ran through the broken windowpane, and then Claus got down from the table.

He never again tried to get the magic pudding stick. It stayed in the home of the good grandmother and the good children. And each day all of them thought of the little squirrel that had brought them good luck.

— Adapted from the German

This is a good story to play. How many parts, or acts, should be in the play? How many people should play in each part? Who should these be?

Where will you play each part? What will you use for the pudding stick? What other things will you need for the play?

## HOW BROWNIE BEAVER CUT DOWN A TREE

Brownie Beaver, like all beavers, could do many things that other forest people are not able to do at all. Cutting down a tree is one of the things that only a beaver can do.

When Brownie Beaver saw a tree he wanted to cut down, he set to work at once. He did not even go home to get any tools. There was no need to do this. He always had his tools with him. For, strange as it may seem, he used his teeth to do his wood cutting.

The first thing Brownie did was to strip off the bark around the bottom of the trunk. This left a white band around the tree.

Next he began to gnaw away chips of wood where the white showed. As he gnawed, he slowly went round and round

the tree. Soon only the heart was left to keep the tree from falling over, and Brownie stopped his gnawing.

He looked about to pick out a place for the tree to fall. It did not take him long to make up his mind about this. Then he quickly gnawed a few more chips out of the heart of the tree. He gnawed them on the side toward the spot he had picked out for the tree to fall.

Brownie Beaver did not have to gnaw long before the tree began to lean. It leaned more and more. The farther it leaned, the faster it tipped. Brownie knew the right moment to jump out of the

way. He jumped just before the tree came down with a sound like thunder.

Then Brownie ran away and hid. If you had seen him, you might have thought he was frightened. But Brownie was not at all frightened. He was only careful.

He knew that a man or some other enemy might be near. He also knew that the loud noise might lead the enemy to the spot. So he lay hidden until he felt sure that no one would trouble him.

Brownie was going to use the tree to help build his home. But first he wanted a good dinner, so waiting was not easy.

How would you like to see your dinner on the table and have to wait a half hour before you could go into the dining room? You know how hungry you would get if you had to do that.

Brownie Beaver got just as hungry as you would. How he did tear at the bark when he at last began to eat! How he did enjoy the meal! And he had a right

to enjoy his dinner. He had worked hard enough to get it.

— Arthur Scott Bailey

Find the answer to each question.

What can Brownie Beaver do that other forest animals cannot do?

Get out of the way when a tree falls.
Cut down a tree.
Work without tools.

Why did he hide when the tree fell?

He was frightened.
He did not like noise.
He was careful.

Why did he cut down the tree?

He wanted to see better.
He wanted to hide in it.
He wanted to build a house.

What did he eat for dinner?

He ate the buds of the tree.
He ate the bark.
He ate the leaves.

# THE OLD MAN'S GIFTS

## I

## The Stranger

It was Christmas Eve. Snow was falling, and a sharp wind was blowing.

An old man, cold and hungry, was passing through a village. As he walked along, he looked in the windows. He saw happy children trimming Christmas trees and people eating supper.

He went from door to door asking for food and a place to sleep. But no one took him in.

At last he came to the house of the richest man in the village. He saw a bright fire in the kitchen, so he knocked at the kitchen door.

The rich man's wife was in her warm kitchen frying pancakes. When she heard the knock, she went to the door. The man asked for food and a place to sleep.

The rich man's wife was very selfish. "I do not want to be bothered with this old man, and I will not waste my pancakes on him," she thought. So she sent him on his way, cold and hungry.

After a time the old man came to the poorest hut in the village. Here lived a poor widow and her four children.

When the woman saw the old man, she asked him to come in and warm himself. She said, "It is a cold night. You must stay with us. You may sleep in my bed,

and I will sleep by the fire in my chair."

The old man thanked the kind woman. Then he ate a bowl of brown bread and milk and went to bed.

When morning came the kind woman gave the man his breakfast. As he picked up his hat and stick, he said, "My good woman, because you have been so kind to me, I will grant you one wish. Ask for anything and it shall be yours."

The woman thought of a roll of cloth she had in the house. For a long time she had wished to sell it, but she had been too busy to measure it.

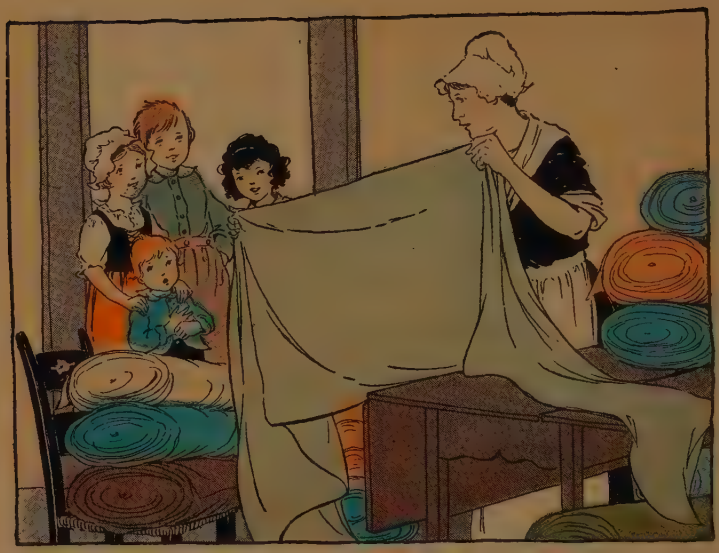
So she said, "Let me do all day the work I start tomorrow morning."

"It shall be as you wish," said the old man. And he went away.

## II

## The Gifts

Early the next morning the woman



began to measure the cloth. And a strange thing happened.

When she measured one roll, there was another roll to be measured. And so she kept on measuring rolls of cloth all day long. There seemed to be no end to them.

By night the little hut was full of cloth. The neighbors came to see the sight, but they could not get in the door. By midnight the woman had more rolls of cloth

than she could count. It was very fine cloth, and so she could sell it for a large sum of money. Now she and her children could have everything they needed.

The news of the kind woman's good fortune spread through the village and everybody rejoiced.

When the selfish woman heard of it, she did not say anything. But she knew she had missed a fortune by turning the old man away.

For days and days she could do nothing but worry about the good fortune she had missed. Then she cheered herself with this thought: "Perhaps the old man will come back next Christmas Eve."

And so he did. The next Christmas Eve he walked up to the rich man's door as before.

You may be sure that the selfish woman did not turn the old man away this time. She opened the door and asked him to

come in. Then she begged him to spend the night. She gave him the best of food, and she put him in her finest bed.

The next morning the old man thanked the greedy woman. Then he said, "The work you start tomorrow morning you will do all day."

The greedy woman was very happy. She said to herself, "My neighbor was foolish. She counted cloth. I shall do better than that. I shall count money all day. Then I shall be very rich."

That night she could not sleep. When the clock struck twelve, she got up. "First, I shall make some bags in which to put all the money," she said.

She got out her scissors and began to cut cloth to make bags. And all day she cut. She tried to stop, but she could not. She cut and cut and cut. By night she had cut up everything in the house. Nothing was left but the clothes on her back.

And so the busy day ended. The news spread through the village, but no one was sorry for the greedy woman.

—Old Flanders Tale

How is this story like the one you have read called "The Pudding Stick"?

How are the two stories unlike? Think of the gifts, the people, the two endings.

Use this story for your Christmas program. There are two parts to the story and two children may tell it. Choose the two children to do this.

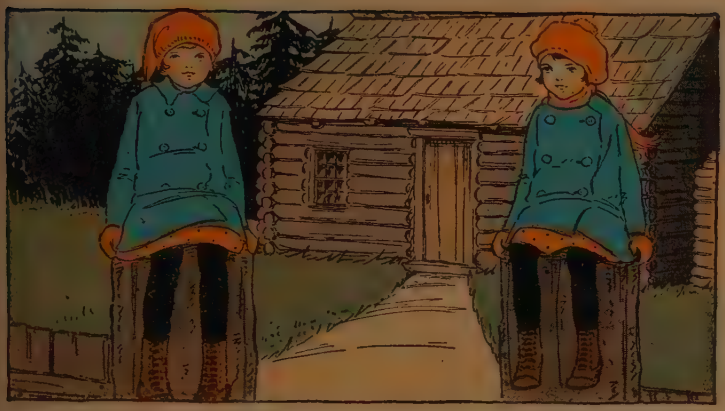
# THE MAGIC CHRISTMAS GIFT

## I

## A Christmas Wish

It was late autumn, and Margaret and Josephine were thinking about Christmas. They liked to think about Christmas. They liked to talk about it and to sing Christmas songs and to play Christmas games. These two little girls had been known to play the game of Santa Claus filling Christmas stockings on the Fourth of July. It was such fun they did not care who laughed at them.

Margaret was seven years old and Josephine was nine. The two girls climbed to the top of the front gateposts to talk over their Christmas plans. There was no gate in front of their log cabin, only an opening where a gate would some day swing. The gateposts were of big round



logs and were almost two feet taller than the top of the fence.

There was a path leading from the gateway to the front door of the log cabin. Evergreen trees were behind the cabin and on the sides. In front of the cabin was a wide clearing belonging to the railway.

The little girls liked to sit on the gateposts and watch the trains go by. They did this from early spring until late in the autumn.

"If we had a great deal of money, we

could go to town and buy Christmas presents for the whole family," said Margaret.

"But most of all for Mother!" added Josephine.

"What should we get for Mother if we had money and could go to town?" Margaret asked.

"Well," answered Josephine, "if we ever have a ride on the train, and if we ever go to town with Father and with our pockets full of money, we'll buy — we'll buy — I don't know what and you don't know what!"

At that the little girls laughed and laughed. They laughed so hard that they almost fell off the posts. They liked to sit on the gateposts and laugh.

For a while the two talked about the Christmas presents they should like to make. "But there should be something special for Mother," said Josephine.

"Oh," answered Margaret, "I suppose we shall have to give Mother the same promise we give her every Christmas. We shall tell her that all the year she will have two little girls — such good little girls — to help take care of the babies and clean up the cabin, tra, la-la, tra, la-la-la!"

After that the merry little girls chose gifts for all the family, but most of all for Mother. They kept choosing until the whistle of the afternoon train could be heard. The minute the train whistled, Margaret thought of a new game.

She said, "When the train starts puff-puff from the station and the wheels begin to turn around and the cars come slowly rumble-rumble, you turn square around facing the train this way, just like me. Then you sing with me the song I am thinking up, and we'll try Christmas magic. The song goes like this:

"White magic,
Christmas magic,
Send our mother a Christmas gift!

"Gold magic,
Christmas magic,
Send our mother a Christmas gift."

By the time the train was opposite the little log cabin, the laughing children were gazing straight toward it, singing over and over to the rumble of the wheels:

"White magic,
Christmas magic,
Send our mother a Christmas gift!

"Gold magic,
Christmas magic,
Send our mother a Christmas gift."

## II

## The Surprise

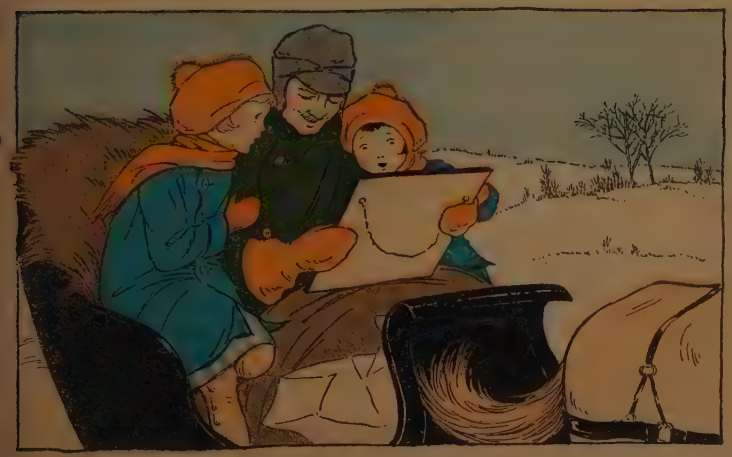
Of course the little girls did not expect a magic Christmas gift for their mother.

They were only having a good time. They forgot all about their game as soon as they had climbed down from the gate-posts.

But the day before Christmas something happened. The postmaster from the settlement called to see Margaret and Josephine. He said he wished to see them alone.

There was only one room in the cabin. So the little girls climbed into the postmaster's sleigh and drove with him out of sight of the house. Then he said "Whoa!" to his horse.

Without another word, he untied a big,



flat parcel that looked like a frame. It was a picture frame, and in it was a picture of two merry-looking little girls. They were seated on a gatepost in front of a log cabin home with evergreen woods behind it and a clearing in front.

It was a long time before either child could speak. Then Josephine whispered, "How did it happen?"

The postmaster answered, "A lady on a passing train had a kodak, and she took a picture of you because you looked so happy. Then she had it enlarged and framed and sent it to me. She asked me to bring it to you.

"She said she was sure I would know the children in the picture, and of course I did. I knew at once. As I thought you would like a Christmas surprise for your mother, I asked to see you alone. Now we will drive back to the house."

At last Margaret found her voice. But "Did you ever?" was all she said. And

"Did you ever?" was all Josephine said. Then the two remembered to thank the postmaster for his kindness.

On Christmas Eve the little girls could keep their secret no longer, and they gave their mother the magic gift and told her their story.

Tears of joy rolled down Mother's face when she saw the picture. She said, "I never have had a picture of any of my children, and I never expected to have one, because we live so far from town. This one is beautiful. Such happy faces! Oh, it seems too good to be true! And it would not have happened if you were not little girls who are always thinking of your mother!"

The next day two joyous little girls danced about the cabin, singing:

"White magic,
Christmas magic,
Brought our mother a Christmas gift!

"Gold magic,
Christmas magic,
Brought our mother a Christmas gift!"

And the two little faces in the picture smiled down upon the happy family cheerfully, then and ever after.

— Frances Margaret Fox

What does the word *magic* mean? Why is this story called "The Magic Christmas Gift"? Do you think this a good name for the story?

If you could say a magic verse and have a Christmas gift for your mother, what would you wish for her?

Tell how many of these things you think she would like:

Something you could make for her
A kind deed you could do for her
Some loving words you could say to her
A picture you drew for her

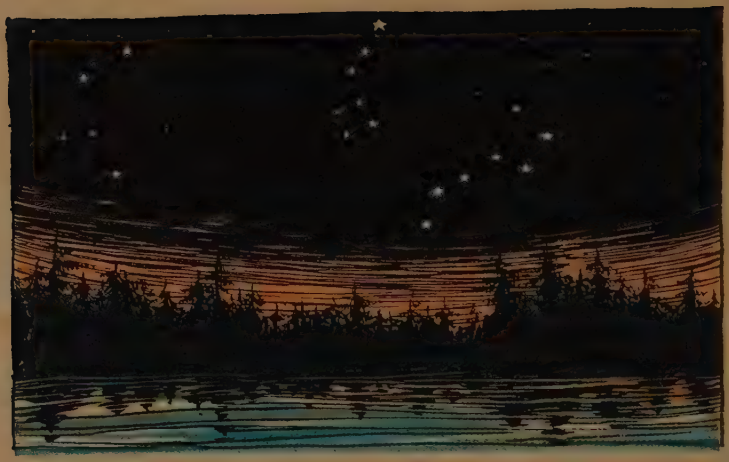
## THE STARS

Every clear night you can see many beautiful stars in the sky. Do you ever look at them and talk about them? I hope you do. And I hope you know the names of some of the stars.

The stars are a long, long way from us and that is why they look so small. Of course you have noticed that the farther away anything is, the smaller it seems.

All the bright stars have names, and so have many of the groups of stars. There is one group of stars called the Big Dipper; another called the Little Dipper. They were given these names because the stars are grouped in such a way that they look like dippers.

There are seven bright stars in the Big Dipper. The last two in the bowl of the dipper point to the very bright



star in the Little Dipper which we know as the North Star. These two stars are called the Pointers.

There are seven stars in the Little Dipper, too. The first one in the handle of the dipper is the North Star.

Sailors who have been lost on the great ocean have found their way by looking for the North Star. The Dippers help them to do this.

If the sailors wish to go to the east, they steer their boats to the east of the North Star. If they wish to go west,

they point their boats to the west of the North Star.

You can see that the North Star is a most important star.

Watch for a bright star near the sun as it is setting. This star is called the evening star.

Sometimes the evening star is one star and sometimes another. Mars, Venus, and Mercury are the names of three of the evening stars.

There are morning stars, too. But you would have to be awake very early — long before the sun rises — to see the morning star.

In the picture on page 164 find each of these :

The North Star  The Big Dipper
The Little Dipper  The Pointers

## JACK–OF–THE–INKPOT

I dance on your paper,
I hide in your pen,
I make in your ink-stand
My little black den ;
And when you're not looking
I hop on your nose,
And leave on your forehead
The marks of my toes.

From *The Education of Uncle Paul* by Algernon Blackwood. By permission of The Macmillan Company, publishers.

When you're trying to finish
Your "i" with a dot,
I slip down your finger
And make it a blot;
And when you're so busy
To cross a big "T,"
I make on the paper
A little Black Sea.

I drink blotting-paper,
Eat penwiper pie,
You never can catch me,
You never need try!
I leap any distance,
I use any ink,
I'm on to your fingers
Before you can wink.

— Algernon Blackwood

# THE PICNIC BASKET

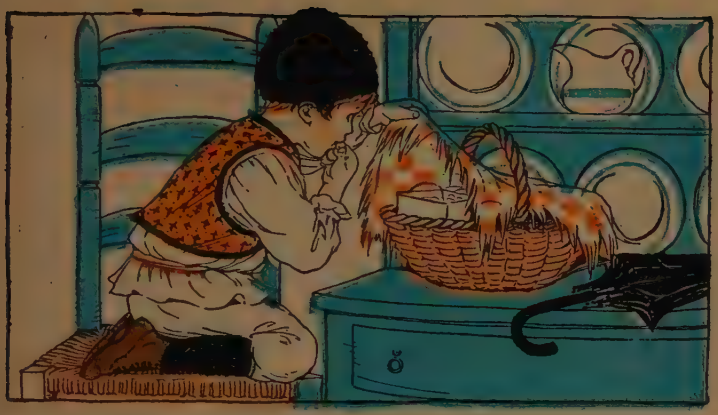
## I

## Getting Ready for the Picnic

One cool summer morning Andrewshek's Auntie Katushka said, "Andrewshek, I think I will put some sandwiches and some cottage cheese and some poppy seed cakes and two eggs in our picnic basket. Then we will go to the park and eat our lunch there, near the water."

"May I go with you, Auntie Katushka?" said Andrewshek.

"Of course you may go to the park with me," said Auntie Katushka. "But we have a great many things to do before we can start to the park. I must go into the garden and catch the white goat. I will tie her up so that she will not run away. Please find the kitten, Andrewshek, and put her in the cellar. Then



she cannot worry the chickens while we are gone."

"Yes, indeed, I will find the kitten and put her in the cellar," said Andrewshek, "so that she will not worry the chickens while we are gone."

But all Andrewshek really did was to lift up the orange and white napkin which Auntie Katushka had laid over the picnic basket and look at the eggs and the poppy seed cakes and touch the sandwiches and taste the cottage cheese.

The goat was not easy to catch. She

wanted to go to the park, too. She galloped round and round the garden. At last Auntie Katushka caught her and tied her to a post.

Then Auntie Katushka went into the house to get Andrewshek and the lunch basket. She saw Andrewshek peeping under the orange and white napkin and tasting the cottage cheese. He had forgotten all about the kitten.

The kitten was nowhere to be found. "I think she must be paying a visit to the mouse family," said Auntie Katushka to Andrewshek.

Then Auntie Katushka put on her bright shawl and took her umbrella with the long crooked handle under one arm. She picked up the lunch basket with the orange and white napkin on top, and she and Andrewshek started for the park.

They went down the hill and across the tracks and past the market and down a

long street until they came to the park by the water.

## II

## The Basket Floats Away

Andrewshek sat down on the grass beside a little stream. Andrewshek's Auntie Katushka laid her umbrella with the long crooked handle and the basket of lunch on the grass beside Andrewshek.

"Andrewshek," said Auntie Katushka, "I must go to the spring to get some water for us to drink. Please watch the basket with the eggs and the sandwiches and poppy seed cakes and cottage cheese while I am gone."

"Yes, indeed, I will watch the basket of lunch," said Andrewshek.

But what Andrewshek really did was to say to himself, "I would like to take off my shoes and stockings and wade in the little stream. I believe I will!"

Andrewshek took off his shoes and stockings and went wading in the little stream.

A big white swan came floating calmly down the stream. He saw the picnic basket lying on the grass. He stopped and stretched his long neck until he could touch the basket. "Honk! honk! honk!" said he. "I wonder what is under the orange and white napkin."

The big white swan lifted the napkin with his red bill and looked in the basket. "Oh, oh, oh! Won't Mother Swan be pleased with this nice lunch?" said he. "Sandwich bread makes fine food for baby swans."

He picked up the basket in his strong red bill and floated it ahead of him down the stream.

Andrewshek could not wade after the big white swan. The water was too deep.

"Stop! stop! white swan!" cried Andrewshek. "That is my Auntie Ka-

tushka's picnic basket, and it has our lunch in it. Please put it back on the grass."

"No, indeed! I will not put the basket back," honked the big white swan. "Sandwich bread makes fine food for baby swans, and I have ten baby swans to feed."

The big white swan gave the picnic basket a little push with his red bill. The basket floated on down the little stream and the big white swan floated calmly behind it.

## III

## The Basket is Saved

Just then Andrewshek's Auntie Katushka came hurrying up with the spring water. She saw the big white swan floating down the stream, with the lunch basket floating ahead of him.

Andrewshek stood in the middle of the stream crying.

Auntie Katushka picked up her umbrella with the long crooked handle. Then she ran along the shore until she overtook the big white swan with the lunch basket floating ahead of him.

She caught the handle of the picnic basket in the crook of her long-handled umbrella and she drew the basket safely to shore.

"Well! well!" said Auntie Katushka, as she spread the orange and white napkin on the grass and laid the sandwiches

and the poppy seed cakes and the cottage cheese and the eggs upon it. "It always pays to carry an umbrella to a picnic."

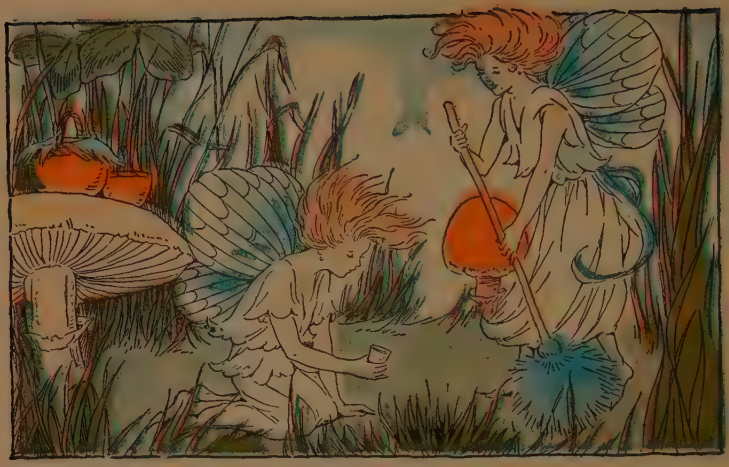
— Margery Clark

It would be fun to play this story for the second-grade children.

How many parts, or acts, will you have in your play? Where will you play each part?

How many people will be in each act? Who should these be?

What can you use for the basket? For the umbrella?



## WHEN FAIRIES HAVE A PICNIC

When fairies have a picnic they always tidy up ;
It would be a disgraceful thing to leave a broken cup.
They roll up bits of paper, and hide the orange skin,
And find a most convenient hole to put the rubbish in!

When fairies have a picnic they see the fire is out,

For fear that Brother Wind may come
and scatter it about.
They leave a pile of brushwood, as that
is nice and dry,
For other picnic people who are certain to
pass by!

When fairies have a picnic they never
break the trees,
They smooth the grass and daisy buds
as gently as you please,
And packing up their baskets they softly
steal away,
And leave the place all beautiful for some
one else to play!

— Florence Hoatson

## CHILDREN OF CHERRY BLOSSOM LAND

Do you know what the real name of Cherry Blossom Land is? It is Japan.

There are many children in Japan, and the land might be called the land of children.

The children are dressed so much alike that you can hardly tell the boys from the girls. Their clothes are of bright colors, and their wide sleeves have pockets in them.

Of course the boys and girls go to school. Some of the children ride to school in a kind of cart. The cart is not drawn by a horse. It is drawn by a man.

Sometimes you can see the children studying their lessons as they walk along the streets. And what do you think? They are studying aloud!

Before the children go into the schoolhouse, they take off their shoes. No one

in Japan wears shoes inside the house.

After school the children play many games. The boys like kite flying best of all.

In Japan there is a "Kite Day." On this day the men, as well as the boys, send up kites. The kites are very beautiful. Some are like bright birds. Some are like butterflies. And some are like dragons.

Sometimes the men make their kites fight. One man tries to cut the string of another man's kite. The men think this is great fun.

There is a holiday which the boys call "The Feast of the Flags." On this day the boys' toys are brought out. Some of the toys are many years old. They are put away each year and kept very carefully.

On Flag Day the boys play with the toys and with the flags. The flags are really long paper fishes. Each boy raises his flag to the top of a pole. There the fish look very bright and pretty.

The girls have a holiday, too. It is called the "Feast of the Dolls."

Each year the dolls are put away in boxes and are not opened until the night before the holiday. Then the parents open the boxes after the children have gone to sleep.

The next morning the little girls run to look at their dolls. There are big dolls and little dolls, and new dolls and old dolls. Many of the dolls are very, very old.

Hazel Betsy Hill

On this day the girls are dressed in their best clothes. Some of them have new dresses and sashes. And, best of all, they can play all day.

The Japanese children are very polite. They are polite to their fathers and mothers, to their teachers, and to strangers. They make very low bows when they meet a person. They must learn how many bows to make to one person and how many to another.

This is a question game. One of you may be the leader and ask the questions.

1. What pretty name is often given to Japan?
2. By what other name might we call Japan?
3. What is the difference in the way the boys and girls dress?
4. Do they wear dull colors?
5. What kind of sleeves do they have?

6. How do some of the children ride to school?
7. How do they study their lessons?
8. What do they do before they enter the schoolroom door?
9. What game do the boys like best?
10. What kind of kites do they have?
11. What queer thing do the men sometimes have their kites do?
12. What do the boys do on Flag Day?
13. What are the flags?
14. What holiday do the girls have?
15. To whom are the children polite?

## LITTLE MAID OF FAR JAPAN

Little maid upon my fan,
Did you come from far Japan?
What a tiny oval face!
Do you like this other place?

Do you miss the cherry trees
Where you knew the little breeze,
Where you heard the cuckoo sing
In the spring?

Then you crossed your lattice floor,
Flung aside your paper door,

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Children, by Annette Wynne. Copyright, 1919, by Frederick A. Stokes Company.

Joined the other maids at play,
Far away.

Now you live upon my fan,
Little maid of far Japan,
Still, you have a merry face —
Do you like this other place?

— ANNETTE WYNNE

## THE JAPANESE BOW

A dip of the nose,
A turn of the toes,
A spread of the hand,
A bend of the knees —
It takes all these
To say "good day,"
In Cherry Blossom Land,
So far away.

# THE COUSINS

## I

## Ants

Ants, bees, and wasps are cousins. They are insects which belong to the same family.

The little cousins are very much alike and yet very different. The ants are the smallest of the family and the quietest. They always hurry busily about their tasks. The bees are very happy and hum as they work. Sometimes the wasp

cousins seem cross and lazy. Perhaps we do not understand them.

Ants can do many wonderful things. Some ants build bridges and make roads. Others build fine houses with many rooms and halls. Some of these houses are more than thirty stories high.

In these homes there are many rooms. In some of them, the babies are kept. In some, the food is laid away, and in others grain is stored. And there are many other kinds of rooms.

Some ants have cows which they milk. The cows are little green bugs that live on rosebushes. The ants stroke the cows and get a sweet juice which they carry home for dinner. Sometimes one can see ants standing on the rosebushes as if guarding the cows. These ants are watching their cows, just as the farm boy in the pasture watches his to keep them from straying away.

Ants talk to each other. When they meet, they often stop and chat for a minute or two. Then on they go, busy with their many tasks.

If you watch these busy little workers, you will learn many more of their interesting habits.

## II

## Bees and Wasps

The bees give us sweet honey for our tables and wax for our best candles.

This wax is the plaster with which the bees build the rooms in which the brood live and in which they put the honey. The honey is carefully stored away so that there will be plenty of food for winter.

The bees are helpful in other ways also. Perhaps they do most good by carrying from one flower to another the soft yellow dust, or pollen, which helps the seed to grow.

When the bee is trying to get the sweet juice from a flower, the pollen sticks to his legs and body. Away he flies to another flower, and some of the pollen is brushed off on the seeds of that flower. If it were not for the bee, some seeds would have no pollen to make them grow, and they would not bear fruit.

Some wasps make their homes of paper. They chew bits of old wood into a paste and in this way make a kind of paper. There are many rooms in their lovely gray houses.

What are the missing words?

The ants, bees, and wasps are ——.
Ants build ——.
Some of the houses have many ——.
Bees give us —— and ——.
They carry —— from one flower to another.
Wasps make their houses of ——.

## THE LADY'S ROOM

A lady once lived in a room that was as white as snow. Everything in it was white; it had white walls and ceiling, white silk curtains, a soft white sheepskin carpet, and a little ivory bed with a white linen coverlet. The lady thought it was the most beautiful room in the world and lived in it as happy as the day was long.

But one morning she looked out of the window and heard the birds singing in the garden, and all at once she sighed a big sigh.

"Oh, dear!" sighed the lady.

"What's the matter with you, lady?" said a tiny voice at the window. And there, sitting on the sill, was a fairy no bigger than your finger, and on her feet she wore two little shoes as green as grass.

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"Oh, fairy!" cried the lady, "I am so tired of this plain white room! I would be so happy if it were only a green room!"

"Right you are, lady!" said the fairy. And she sprang on the bed, and lay on her back, and kicked away at the wall with her two little feet. In the twinkling of an eye the white room turned into a green one, with green walls and ceiling, green net curtains, a carpet like moss in the woods, and a little green bed with a green linen coverlet.

"Oh, thank you, fairy!" cried the lady, laughing for joy. "Now I shall be as happy as the day is long!"

The fairy flew away, and the lady walked about her green room as gay as a bird. But one day she looked out of the window and smelt the flowers growing in the garden, and all at once she began to sigh.

"Oh, dear!" sighed the lady. "Oh, dear!"

"What's the matter with you, lady?" asked a tiny voice. And there on the window sill sat the fairy, swinging her two little feet in shoes as pink as rose petals in June.

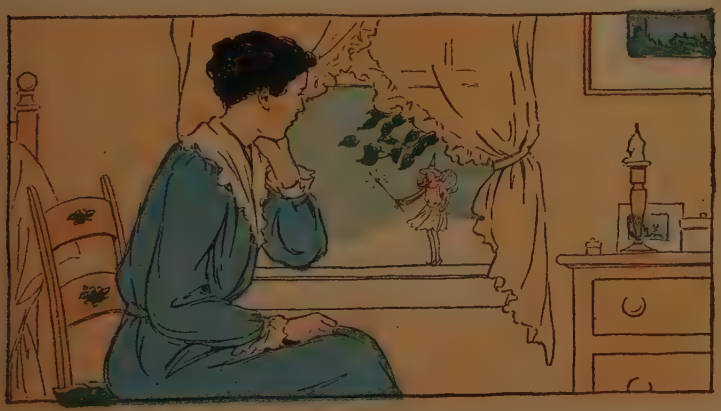
"Oh, fairy!" cried the lady, "I made such a mistake when I asked you for a green room. I'm so tired of my green room! What I really meant to ask for was a pink room!"

"Right you are, lady!" said the fairy. And she jumped on the bed, and lay on her back, and kicked at the wall with her

two little feet. All in a moment the green room changed into a pink one, with pink walls and ceiling, pink damask curtains, a carpet like rose petals, and a little rosewood bed with a pink linen coverlet.

"Oh, thank you, fairy!" cried the lady, clapping her hands. "This is just the room I have always wanted!"

The fairy flew away, and the lady settled down in her pink room, as happy as a rose. But one day she looked out of her window and saw the leaves dancing in the garden, and before she knew it she was sighing like the wind.



"Oh, dear!" sighed the lady. "Oh, dear; oh, dear!"

"What's the matter with you, lady?" cried the fairy's tiny voice. And there was the fairy hopping on the window sill in a pair of shoes as golden as lime leaves in October.

"Oh, fairy!" cried the lady, "I am so tired of my pink room! I can't think how I ever came to ask you for a pink room, when all the time a golden room was what I really wanted."

"Right you are, lady!" said the fairy, and she leaped on the bed, lay on her back, and kicked at the wall with her two little feet. Quicker than you can wink, the pink room turned golden, with walls and ceiling like sunshine, and curtains like golden cobwebs, and a carpet like fresh-fallen lime leaves, and a little gold bed with a gold cloth coverlet.

"Oh, thank you, thank you!" cried

the lady, dancing for joy. "At last I really have the very room I wanted."

The fairy flew away, and the lady ran around her golden room as light-hearted as a leaf. But one night she looked out of the window and saw the stars shining on the garden, and fell a-sighing as though she would never stop.

"Oh, dear!" sighed the lady. "Oh, dear; oh, dear, dear, dear!"

"Now what's the matter with you, lady?" said a tiny voice from the window sill. And there stood the fairy in a pair of shoes as black as night.

"Oh, fairy!" cried the lady, "it is all this golden room! I cannot bear my bright golden room, and if only I can have a black room instead, I will never want any other so long as I live!"

"The matter with *you*, lady," said the fairy, "is that you don't know *what* you want." And she jumped on the bed, and

lay on her back, and kicked away with her two little feet. And the walls fell through, and the ceiling fell up, and the floor fell down, and the lady was left standing in the black starry night without any room at all.

— ELEANOR FARJEON

Tell what each room had. The first in each group has been done for you.

The white room had

1. white walls and ceiling
2.
3.
4.
5.

The green room had

1. a carpet like moss
2.
3.
4.
5.

The pink room had

1. pink damask curtains
2.
3.
4.
5.

The golden room had

1. curtains like golden cobwebs
2.
3.
4.
5.

## WATER NOISES

When I am playing by myself,
And all the boys are lost around,
Then I can hear the water go ;
It makes a little talking sound.

Along the rocks below the tree,
I see it ripple up and wink ;
And I can hear it saying on,
"And do you think? And do you think?"

A bug shoots by that snaps and ticks,
And a bird flies up beside the tree
To go into the sky to sing.
I hear it say, "Killdee, killdee!"

Or else a yellow cow comes down
To splash a while and have a drink.
But when she goes I still can hear
The water say, "And do you think?"

— Elizabeth Madox Roberts

## TAXIS

Ho, for taxis green or blue,
Hi, for taxis red.
They roll along the Avenue
Like spools of colored thread!

Jack-o'-lantern yellow,
Orange as the moon,
Greener than the greenest grass
Ever grew in June.
Gayly striped or checked in squares,
Wheels that twinkle bright,
Don't you think that taxis make
A very pleasant sight?
Taxis shining in the rain,
Scudding through the snow,
Taxis flashing back the sun
Waiting in a row.

Ho, for taxis red and green,
Hi, for taxis blue.
I wouldn't be a private car
In sober black, would you?

— Rachel Field

## THE LITTLE LADY'S ROSES

Down in the valley was a village where John and Mary lived with their mother and father in a little cottage. There they went to school when the bell rang in the little schoolhouse on week days, and to church when the bells rang in the little church on Sundays.

And up on the hill was a great mansion, where the little lady lived all by herself with her servants, and paced up and down the long flight of stone steps between the cypresses and orange trees, or walked in her rose garden, which was the loveliest in the world.

The hill was high and the valley was deep, so people seldom went up or came down. Only a silvery river flowed between the high mansion and the low cottages, and seemed to bind them together.

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When they were out of school, Mary helped her mother in the kitchen, and before she was ten she could bake little pies fit for a queen. And John dug in the garden with his father, and before he was twelve could raise cabbages fit for a king. In their free time the children played in the fields with their schoolfellows, or paddled in the shallow pools of the river as it flowed down the middle of the valley.

One hot June day as they were splashing in the shallows, they saw in the distance two tiny specks floating toward them.

"Here come the boats!" cried John.

"With red and white sails," said Mary.

"I'll have the red one," said John; and Mary said, "I'll have the white."

But as the tiny craft came nearer, the children saw they were not boats, but roses.

They had never seen such roses for color, size, and perfume. John captured

the red rose and Mary the white one, and home they ran with their prizes.

When their parents saw the roses, the father said, "By my shovel and hoe! If I could grow roses like that in my garden, I'd be a proud man!"

And the mother cried, "Dear bless my Cherry Tart! If I could have roses like those in the home, I'd be a glad woman!"

Then the father asked, "Where did you get them, children?"

"They came down the river from the top of the hill," said John.

"Ah!" sighed the father, "then they came from the little lady's rose garden, and are not for the likes of us."

And he went out to hoe cabbages, while the mother rolled her paste.

But John and Mary stole out of the cottage, and John said to Mary, "Let us find the little lady's rose garden, and beg her for a rose tree to make our parents proud and happy."

"How shall we find it?" said Mary.

"We'll take the road up the hill that the roses took down."

"What road is that?" said Mary.

"The river," said John.

So they followed the river uphill until they came near the top, and were stopped by a big iron gate that led to the longest flight of steps they had ever seen. On the steps the little lady herself paced slowly up, and when she reached the fountain at the top she turned, and paced slowly down again. At the bottom of the steps she saw the little faces of John and Mary pressed against the bars.

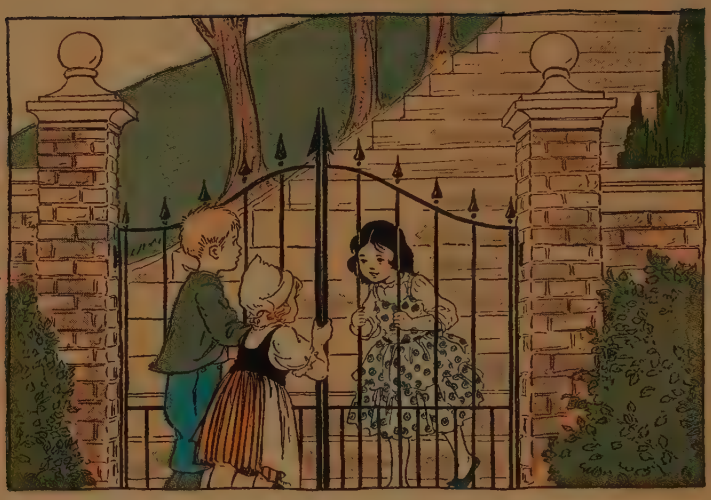
"What are you doing?" said John.

"Counting the steps," said the little lady.

"Why?" said Mary.

"Because I have nothing else to do," said the little lady.

"Why don't you go and hoe cabbages?" said John.



"My head gardener won't let me."

"Why don't you go and bake pies?" said Mary.

"My head cook would be cross with me."

"Father lets me hoe cabbages!" said John.

"Mother lets me bake pies!" said Mary.

"How lucky you are!" said the little lady. "Who are you?"

"John," said John.

"Mary," said Mary.

"Where do you come from?"

"The village in the valley."

"What have you come for?"

"A red rose tree for Father," said John.

"A white one for Mother," said Mary.

"Oh!" cried the little lady, "did you find the roses I sent down the river? How glad I am!"

"Why did you send them down?" asked John.

"To bring someone back. You can't think how dull it is with nobody to play with. If you will stay and play with me, you shall have a rose tree apiece, and my head gardener won't know the difference."

So John and Mary stayed all day with the little lady, playing in her rose garden until they were tired. And she sent them home with a rose tree apiece, which they took to their parents, saying that they had had the happiest day of their lives.

But next morning the little lady found counting the steps duller than ever, so, when she reached the gate, she opened it for the very first time and ran down the hill. On reaching the village, she went straight to John and Mary's cottage, walked in, and said,

"I want to bake pies and hoe cabbages."

"Bless my Apple Dumpling, so you shall!" said the mother.

So first the little lady got her hands as white as flour, and then as black as earth. And, when she went home, she took a cabbage and a pasty with her, and said it was the happiest day of her life.

After this, whenever she was lonely, she knew she had only to run down the hill herself, or set a rose sailing to bring up a child. A white rose brought a girl, but a red rose brought a boy.

And sometimes she gathered a whole skirtful of roses and set them afloat;

and on those days every child in the village was to be seen running up the hill to the little lady's rose garden.

— ELEANOR FARJEON

Below are given the main parts in the story. Find where each part begins and ends. The eleven parts tell about these things:

John and Mary's home
The little lady's mansion
The river in the valley
The children at work and play
The children and the roses
What Father and Mother said about the roses
The search for the rose garden
The meeting with the little lady
The day at the palace
The little lady's visit to the cottage
The little lady's way of calling the children

## THE AIRPLANE

I like to see the airplane and hear the buzzing sound,
And see it settle like a bird quite safely on the ground;
I like to see it spread its wings just like a butterfly —
You'd think perhaps 'twould find a star to light on in the sky.

— ANNETTE WYNNE

## I LIKE THE BROOK

I like the brook, I like the tree,
The solemn-sounding rolling sea,
The little roads where children stray, —
I like to like things all the day.

— ANNETTE WYNNE

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# THE TREASURE-BOX

## I

## Finding the Box

Once upon a time, when the moon was young and the stars talked together, a wee woman walked by herself on the king's highway, smiling at the stars. And because she always smiled at the stars, she had very bright eyes, and she never missed anything in sight.

"She is a very merry little woman," said the stars to each other. Just then the wee woman saw a beautiful little box lying at her feet.

It was a golden box, with jewels on its lid, and they glittered and sparkled in the moonlight. The little box had three legs, too. It stood up tall and straight on its three legs and then whirled around for the wee woman.

"Me, oh, my!" cried the wee woman. "What a wonderful box, with its gold and jewels! I wonder whose it is."

Just then the little box lifted its golden lid a wee bit and began to talk. And this is what it said:

"A little wonder box am I,
And treasures, vast and rare,
I hold beneath my lid for one
Whose name is jeweled there."

"Why, a name *is* jeweled on it!" cried the wee woman as she bent closer. "'M. H.'? That is what the jewels say. Now who is 'M. H.'?"

The wee woman began to think hard. "'M. H.'," she said to herself.

"'M. H.'," said all the little stars, and they laughed and laughed and laughed.

And the wee woman laughed, too. "Of course, I know who 'M. H.' is," the wee woman said then. "It surely must be

Mrs. Hendy, who lives up at the shining castle. I will get up early in the morning and carry the box to her."

"Open me! Open me!" cried the little box, and it lifted its lid a wee bit.

But the wee woman shut the lid in a hurry. "No, indeed; I can't open you," she said. "You do not belong to me, and folks do not open what is not their own. And, if you are a treasure-box, you must not lift your lid, for the wind might blow away some of the treasure."

The wee woman tucked the box under her arm and hurried to her home. Then she went to bed, laughing merrily to herself. "How glad Mrs. Hendy will be when she sees her wonderful box safe at home," she said as she shut her eyes.

Two little stars peeped in at the wee woman's window. "Good-night, wee woman with the merry heart!" they called. But the wee woman was sound asleep, with the treasure-box under her pillow.

## II

## Taking the Box to Mrs. Hendy

The next morning she arose very early and ate her breakfast in a hurry. Then she took the shiny box under her arm and went up the hill to the castle. She had to stop several times to rest, for the way was long, but at last she reached the castle.

Mrs. Hendy was at the window and saw the wee woman. "What is that

washerwoman doing at my gates?" she cried.

Then she saw the box with the jeweled letters glittering like the stars of night. "What a marvelous box!" said the lady to herself. "I want it for my very own. I shall make the woman give it to me."

"Bring the woman within!" she commanded the servants. And the wee woman was brought into the presence of the great lady.

"Where did you get that box?" Mrs. Hendy asked.

The wee woman said, "I found it on the roadside and I have brought it to you as quickly as my poor old legs could carry me. At first, I wondered whose it might be. When I saw the jeweled letters, I thought of you, and came as fast as I could."

The wonderful box lifted its lid a wee bit and said :

"A little shiny box am I,
And treasures, vast and rare,
I hold beneath my lid for one
Whose name is jeweled there."

The great lady bent down and looked at the letters. "'M. H.'," she read. "Of course it is mine. You did well to bring it to me, but you should have hastened faster. Next time do not be so slow."

Then the great lady took the box and opened the lid. "Put me down! Put me down!" cried the little box.

But the great lady pushed the lid wide open, and suddenly out flew a swarm of tiny gnats. They buzzed about her head and stung her on the face and hands. Only when she had dropped the box did the gnats fly away through an open window.

Then the great lady was very angry.

She took the wee woman by the shoulders and shook her, and she drove her away with cross words. "Go!" she cried. "And never again dare to enter my doors with your mischievous box!"

The wee woman ran down the hill, surprised beyond words. And the wonderful box on its three golden legs ran after her.

"It was a sad mistake that I made," the wee woman said to herself, as she sat down a moment to rest. "Now I must think harder. Somebody owns the box, and it must be taken home. 'M. H.', 'M. H.'" The wee woman said it over and over. "Now who is 'M. H.'?"

## III

## Taking the Box to Mr. Henshaw

Then suddenly she remembered. "Why, of course it is Mr. Henshaw, whose washing I do every week," she said. "I will

gather a few berries by the wayside and they will do for my noonday meal. Then I must hurry fast to Mr. Henshaw's house."

In a few moments the wee woman was on her way again, laughing merrily. The sun was warm and the wee woman was weary, but she toiled on up the hill. And the great man saw her coming.

"What does the washerwoman want, I wonder?" he said to himself. "Perhaps she has come to ask double pay."

"Send her away!" he cried to his servants.

But just then he saw the golden box. "What a wonderful box!" said Mr. Henshaw. "I shall make the washerwoman give it to me." And he had her brought before him.

"Where did you get that box?" he asked.

The wee woman said, "I found it

upon the highway. When I saw the jeweled letters upon its lid, I came up the hill as fast as I could."

The wonderful box lifted its golden lid a wee bit and said :

"A little golden box am I,
And treasures, vast and rare,
I hold beneath my lid for one
Whose name is jeweled there."

Mr. Henshaw bent down and looked closely at the glittering letters. "'M. H.'," he read. "It is surely my box, and you did well to bring it to me. But you were far too slow in getting here. Next time make more haste."

Then he reached out his hands and took the golden box from the wee woman. "Put me down! Put me down!" cried the little box.

But the great man held it tighter and pushed back its golden lid. But no

sooner had he done so than numbers of big black bats flew out and swarmed about his head. They beat upon his face with their wings and nipped him with their sharp beaks. The bats did not fly away until he had thrown down the box.

Then the great man drove the wee woman from the house and she ran down the hill as fast as her wee legs could carry her. The little shiny box ran after her.

## IV

### The Wee Woman Always Cheerful

"Me, oh, my!" said the wee woman. "I have made another sad mistake. But I shall make no more this day, for my poor old legs are so tired they cannot go another step."

And she sat herself down and laughed and laughed. "Here am I," she said to herself, "far from home and too weary to get there. And all because I made two sad mistakes. Next time I shall do better."

She leaned her head against a tree. Then, with a smile upon her face, the wee woman fell fast asleep. And she did not waken until the next morning. But, while she slept, the little stars came out and talked together, and the box danced about in the light of the moon.

"See!" cried all the stars, "the wee woman with the merry heart has fallen

asleep by the wayside. But we will take care of her."

And they did. Not a sound did the wee woman hear until the next morning.

## V

## A New Plan

Then she awoke with a start, for the golden box was talking. It said,

"A little shiny box am I,
And treasures, vast and rare,
I hold beneath my lid for one
Whose name is jeweled there."

"Me, oh, my!" cried the wee woman. "What a long time I have been asleep."

She turned to the little box and said, "I am very sorry I made two sad mistakes."

"What a chasing I did get!" she went on. "But the next time I shall be sure. I will go to the good king and tell him all about it."

"Open me! Open me!" cried the shiny box, lifting its lid a wee bit.

"That I cannot do," answered the wee woman, "for you are none of mine. But the good king will soon find out whose you are."

Then the wee woman closed the lid tightly. "The treasures might blow away," she said as she went on.

## VI

## At the Palace

The way was long to the king's palace, and the wee woman stopped to eat the berries and seeds. Just as the sun was setting, she came in sight of the palace.

Now the king was giving a feast, and the table in the great hall was loaded with good things to eat. There the lords and ladies were making merry together. But when a servant told the king that a wee woman was at the palace gate, he stopped his merrymaking.

"A wee woman, alone and on foot!" he cried. "Bring her in and give her of the very best. Let her lie upon the softest bed, and feed her well. When she is rested, let her come in to us. See to it that no wish of hers is left unsatisfied, for my own mother was a wee woman. Blessed, indeed, are all wee women, because of my own dear mother."

Then the king went on with his merry-making. But, even as he did so, the door of the hall opened, and the wee woman stood before him. Behind her was the servant with the golden box. The king came forward and took the wee woman's wee hands in both his own.

"Welcome, wee woman," he said. "Now tell us what we may do for you."

"If it please the great king," the wee woman began, "I have found a wonderful box." Then she took the golden box from the servant and handed it to the king.

The wonderful treasure-box glittered and gleamed, and its jeweled letters sent out shining rays of crimson and gold and blue.

"A wonderful box, indeed!" said the king.

"Marvelous! marvelous!" cried all the lords and ladies.

"And whose is this wonderful box?" asked the king.

"That I know not, great king," the wee woman answered. "The letters say, 'M. H.'"

"'M. H.'," repeated the king. "Why, so they do. Now who can 'M. H.' be?"

"Could it by any chance belong to the great king?" asked the wee woman.

But the king shook his head. "I would gladly own such a gay and glittering box," he told her, "but it happens not to be mine. What is in it, wee woman?"

The wee woman laughed, remembering

the gnats and the big black bats. "It is a treasure-box," she then said.

And the wonderful box lifted its lid a wee bit and began to talk,

"A little shining box am I,
And treasures, vast and rare,
I hold beneath my lid for one
Whose name is jeweled there."

The king laughed. "It seems to me that the little box knows to whom it belongs," he said. He laid his fingers on its shining letters; then he handed it back to the wee woman.

"Open me! Open me!" cried the little box.

"It is not mine," said the king. "Will you open it, wee woman?"

"It is none of mine either," laughed the wee woman, "so how can I open it?"

"Well, well!" said the king. "The box wants to be opened, and it should

be. Perhaps we may find out from within who owns such a wonderful treasure."

## VII

### The King Opens the Box

Then the king lifted the lid farther back and looked inside.

"A wonderful box, indeed," he cried, and laughed again. "There is nothing inside of it."

"Nothing?" cried the wee woman.

"I see nothing," answered the king.

A merry laugh came from the box, and it began to talk,

"A little treasure-box am I,
And fit to serve the king,
But when he looks beneath my lid,
He sees not anything."

Then all the court cried out, "Shame upon a box to speak thus to a great king! It is a silly joke!"

"Not so!" the king made answer. "It is a good joke, I think. It is a poor kind of man who cannot laugh with himself, be he king or peasant. Come, let us all look closer! There may be something inside the box that we have not yet discovered. Look closely, wee woman. See you anything within?"

"I see nothing at all," laughed the wee woman merrily. "But my eyes are old. It is the eyes of a little child that are brightest."

"Quite true," the great king answered. Then he turned to the lords and ladies. "Name me a child whose eyes are brightest of the bright."

And in one breath they all cried, "Bring the little lame boy! His foot is twisted, and he has no kin, but none in the kingdom has eyes so bright as his."

So they brought the little lame boy to the great hall. The king lifted him

Mabel Betty Hill.

up on his throne and laid the golden box in his hands.

"Look within!" cried the king. "What see you, lad?"

The little lame boy looked and clapped his hands. "Oh! oh!" he cried. "Down in the corner of the box, there is a wee little name on a wee little card, and it says, 'Merry Heart'."

"'Merry Heart'!" said the wee little woman. "Why, of course, 'M. H.' is 'Merry Heart'." Then she laughed until her wee little body shook. "But who is 'Merry Heart'?"

Then everybody laughed with her. "Who is 'Merry Heart'?" they all asked together.

"Yes," said the king, "who is 'Merry Heart'?"

But the little lame boy looked at them in surprise. "Why," he said to the king, "don't you know who 'Merry Heart' is?"

"No," the king answered; "tell me."

The lame boy reached up and whispered in the king's ear.

"Ho! ho!" laughed the king. "And it takes a wee lad to teach a stupid king." Then he turned and, closing the lid of the wonderful box, he held it out.

"Friends," he cried, "I now restore the wonderful box to its owner, 'Merry Heart'."

And he put the box in the wee woman's hands.

"Me, oh, my!" cried the wee woman. "It is not mine, for I found it."

"It is indeed yours!" cried the lame boy, "for see, here on the wee card is your picture."

And there it was. Everybody could see it now.

## VIII

## What Was in the Box

"Open me! Open me!" cried the wonderful box.

The wee woman lifted the lid, and back it swung on its golden hinges. And what a sight met their eyes! Such glittering, shining, sparkling jewels! There were pearls and diamonds, and other gems.

"All mine!" cried the wee woman. "But what shall I do with them?"

"You can buy anything your heart may desire," the king told her — "a palace to live in, fine clothes to wear, and servants to wait upon you."

"Me, oh, my!" cried the wee woman, as she held up her wee hands. "What should a wee woman do with all of that? If it please the great king, I will have none of it."

"No?" smiled the great king.

"No, no! a thousand times no!" the wee woman answered. "But could I buy something for the lame boy?"

"Indeed you could," the king told her.

The wee woman clapped her hands.

"Oh, the beautiful treasure-box!" she cried. "I am so glad it is mine."

## IX

## The Happy Ending

Then she ran to the little lame boy. "Name your wish," she cried, "the thing you want most above all others."

"A mother," said the lame boy, "a dear, kind mother to love me."

"And you shall have one!" cried the wee woman. "The good king will help me, and we will find you the dearest and prettiest lady in the kingdom. We will search from the east to the west and from the north to the south."

The little lame boy smiled at the wee woman. "But you will not have to search from the east to the west and from the north to the south," he told her.

"No?" asked the wee woman. "Is there, then, one close at hand?"

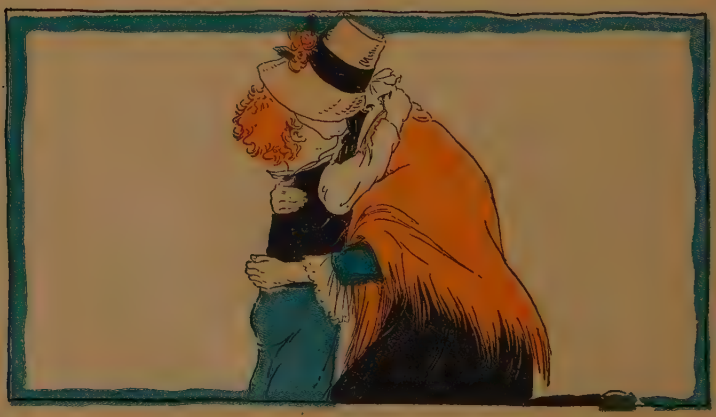
" Yes," the boy answered, " the dearest and prettiest."

" If it please the great king," the wee woman cried, " let her be brought at once, that I may give the jewels to her."

" Speak, lad!" said the king. " Know you one you would choose?"

The little lame boy laughed as he slid down from the great throne and ran straight to the wee woman. " The dearest and prettiest mother in the kingdom is 'Merry Heart'," he cried, " and I want her!"

" Me, oh, my!" cried the wee woman,



and she put her arms around the lame boy and hugged him tight. "We will buy a wee house with a garden and trees and singing birds. And I will bake him sugar cookies and jelly tarts and a gingerbread boy with buttons on his coat."

The king laid his hands on the wee woman's head.

"And may the king come sometimes to visit the wee house with its garden and singing birds?" he asked. "My own mother was a wee woman."

"Oh! oh!" cried the wee woman; "if it please the great king, I will make another gingerbread boy for him and put upon his head a gingerbread crown."

Then she picked up the little lame boy and ran out of the door with him and forgot all about the wonderful box.

The evening star peeped from behind the purple hills, and the young moon laughed in the dusky skies. And the won-

derful box stood up on its three golden legs, jumped down from the great throne chair, and ran after the wee woman, as fast as it could run.

"Good-night, Merry Heart!" called the evening star.

— Isa L. Wright

How many main parts are there in this story?

Each part has a main thought. What is the main thought in each part?

## KNOW YOUR BOOK

How quickly can you give the answers to these questions?

What is the name of the story about beavers?

In which story did you read about Andrewshek?

Which story tells about Japanese children?

On what page does a Christmas story begin?

On what pages will you find something about ants, bees, and wasps?

Where would you look for a lesson on stars?

Which lesson tells most about birds?

Which is the funniest story?

Which story do you like best?

# WORD LIST

9 waked
reached
though

10 breeze
windmill
silent
whirling
doorway

11 unless
idle
ovens
trays
without
flour

12 washer-
woman
snowflake

13 gallant
gales
glance
glee

14 cheerily
captain
harbor
linen
laces

15 impatient
spun
vane
tower
east

16 bending
welcome
built
haste
puffed

17 flew
slipped

18 Dutch
voyages
Holland
wharf
skirts

19 short
tight
waists
clatter
kloompers
crowns

20 belt
dikes
canals
leak
ruin
broad

21 poplar
carpet
purple
tulips
hyacinths

22 drain
swept
pump

23 hose
frozen
skate
tag

25 Yvonne
(ē vŏn)
Nannette
French
far-away
France

stockings
blouse
bodice
porridge
goat

26 grazing
hurry
customers
narrow
paved
cobblestones
hoofs
pleasant
quaint

27 cord
Mrs. Peters
visitors
Margaret
socks
American

28 shyly
tin
squatted
bucket
brimming

30 tonight
squeezed
patience
kicked
shame
promised

32 Bobadil
wicked
blossomed
stare
fear
tumbled

33 cliff
chimneys
walls
guns

34 bang
fists
sleeper
kingdom
worse
steal
trample
crops
club
smash
miserable
tadpole

35 sorrow
buried
crashing
trouble
settle
seized

36 fifteen
bounded
bushes
plan
courage

37 palace
wait
gone
moles
earthworms
armies
wriggled

38 burrowed
beneath

hidden
hollowed
slipped
heel
pink

40 Freddie
Frog
bulging
agreed
woodchuck
delighted
spent
vain
repeat
remark

41 polite
hoarse
means
swelling
left-hand

42 distance
gentleman

43 gazed
upward
hippopotamus

44 Walter
eyebrows
snaggled-tooth
sense

45 Ed
pocketknife
Baxter
crutches
introduce

46 friendliest
lonesome
deed

47 hobble

50 judging
appearances
amazed
vine
grand
doubt

51 dwellers
west
tribes
steep
savage
bricks
enter

52 wove
clay
pottery

54 between
layers

55 mixed
brush
border
figures

56 either

57 Mrs.
Moodle
lady
poodle
Troodle
odd

58 satin
frills
bonnet
neat
bow
Jack Robinson
remarkable

60 begun
course
terrible
parachute
since

rightly
phrases

62 favorite
clerk
spell
unsettle

63 major-domo
arranges
storm

64 apart
skimpy

65 grumbled
drifted
directions
share

66 slantwise
crowd
wetness
drip
cozy
snug
rumbling
tune

67 gutters
lakes
diamonds
court
pansies

68 wool
Jimmy
plenty
deep
collar
fleece

69 dingy
wrinkles
shearing
shepherds

70 strapped
clippers
bleated
stubby

bother
sell
Daddy

71 journey
none
scoured
carded
whirr
hum
hanks
dyers
roar
looms

72 tailor
scissors

73 admired
neither
useful

75 Pattie
spin
Rachel
pattern

76 spindle
Joe
bees
twist
twirl
lips
tip
tongue

77 bundle
walnut
chestnut

78 treadle
sprang
shuttle

79 lend
Peggy
Carter
braid
snip
stitch

80 wintry
toast

81 described

82 cotton
Jenny
page
seeds
negro
chopping
chariot
board
listen
blooming

83 hollyhocks
bolls
popping
sacks
shoulder

84 ached

85 gin (jĭn)
machine
superintendent
ginned

87 remnant

89 shoemaker
bench

90 pots

91 holiday

93 dare
third
robbers
stir

95 secret
ill
sobbed
medicine

96 moment

97 creak
echo

99 Chinese
language
difficult
English
newspaper
Peking
nurses

100 queue
towel
wraps
beggar

101 tagged
decorated

102 printed

103 Chang
drowned

104 Ling Lee
except

105 lantern
decided

106 frilly
bamboo
Green Frog
Snowy Swan
leapy

108 quietly
ceiling
cheaper

110 past

112 cocoa
insist
offered
treat
waffles
sirup
cinnamon

113 coziest
kettle
stove
aglow
twilight
Susan

114 clock
Hans
organ
pealed
choir

115 carriage
muff

116 plate

117 pastor
prayed
Lord

118 plume
curved
buds
chew

119 peep

120 scramble
dizzy
claws
coax
practice
balance
switch

122 disappointed
plump
oak
groups
chirp

123 ripening

125 fight
forward

126 sore
bruised

127 coarse
plasters
untidy

128 dove
artist
thistle

129 jay
thorns
orioles
carpenters

130 tools
hammer
chisel
pecks
chips
miners
kingfisher

131 authors

132 pudding
Gretchen
weak
apiece

133 hawk
screamed
bleeding
torn

134 luck
stool
nibble
gnawing
scratching
wept

135 soup

136 spare

137 shiver

138 deadwood
slyly

140 poured

142 windowpane

143 Brownie
Beaver
able

145 thunder
careful
lead
easy
tear

147 stranger
frying
pancakes

148 selfish
waste
widow

149 grant
measure
tomorrow

150 midnight

151 sum
fortune
rejoiced
missed

152 greedy

154 autumn
Josephine
known
July
gatepost
cabin

155 evergreen
clearing
railway
deal

156 special

158 opposite

159 postmaster
settlement
sleigh
untied

160 parcel
frame
kodak
enlarged

161 kindness
joyous

162 verse

163 Big
Dipper
Little
Dipper

164 sailors
steer

165 Mars
Venus
Mercury

166 ink-stand
forehead

167 dot
blot
penwiper
wink

168 picnic
Andrew-
shek
Auntie Ka-
tushka
sandwiches
cheese
poppy

169 really
napkin

170 galloped
caught
nowhere
shawl
crooked

172 calmly

174 overtook

175 second-
grade

176 tidy
disgraceful
convenient
rubbish

177 scatter
brushwood

178 Japan
sleeves

179 dragons

182 sashes
teachers
Japanese

184 oval
cuckoo
lattice
flung

185 dip
spread
knees

186 ants
wasps
insects
tasks

187 bridges
thirty
bugs
juice
pasture
straying

188 chat
honey
wax
pollen

190 curtains
sheepskin
ivory
coverlet

191 net

192 smelt
petals
June

193 damask
rosewood

194 lime
October
cobwebs

198 ripple
ticks

199 Avenue
spools
striped
checked
private
sober

200 mansion
paced
flight
cypresses
valley
seldom
bind

201 shallow
specks
craft
perfume
captured

202 shovel
hoe
Cherry
Tart

203 uphill
iron
fountain

205 difference

206 Apple
Dump-
ling
pasty
gathered
skirtful
afloat

209 treasure-box
highway
jewels
lid
glittered
sparkled

210 wee
vast
rare
bent

211 Mrs. Hendy

212 pillow
arose

213 marvelous
commanded
presence
servants

214 hastened
swarm
gnats
stung

215 mischievous
Mr. Henshaw

216 wayside
noonday
toiled

218 bats
nipped
beaks

220 chasing

221 merry-making

222 blessed

223 gleamed
crimson
chance

225 serve

226 peasant
kin

228 clapped

229 stupid
restore

230 hinges
pearls
gems
thousand

232 slid

233 hugged
dusky

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